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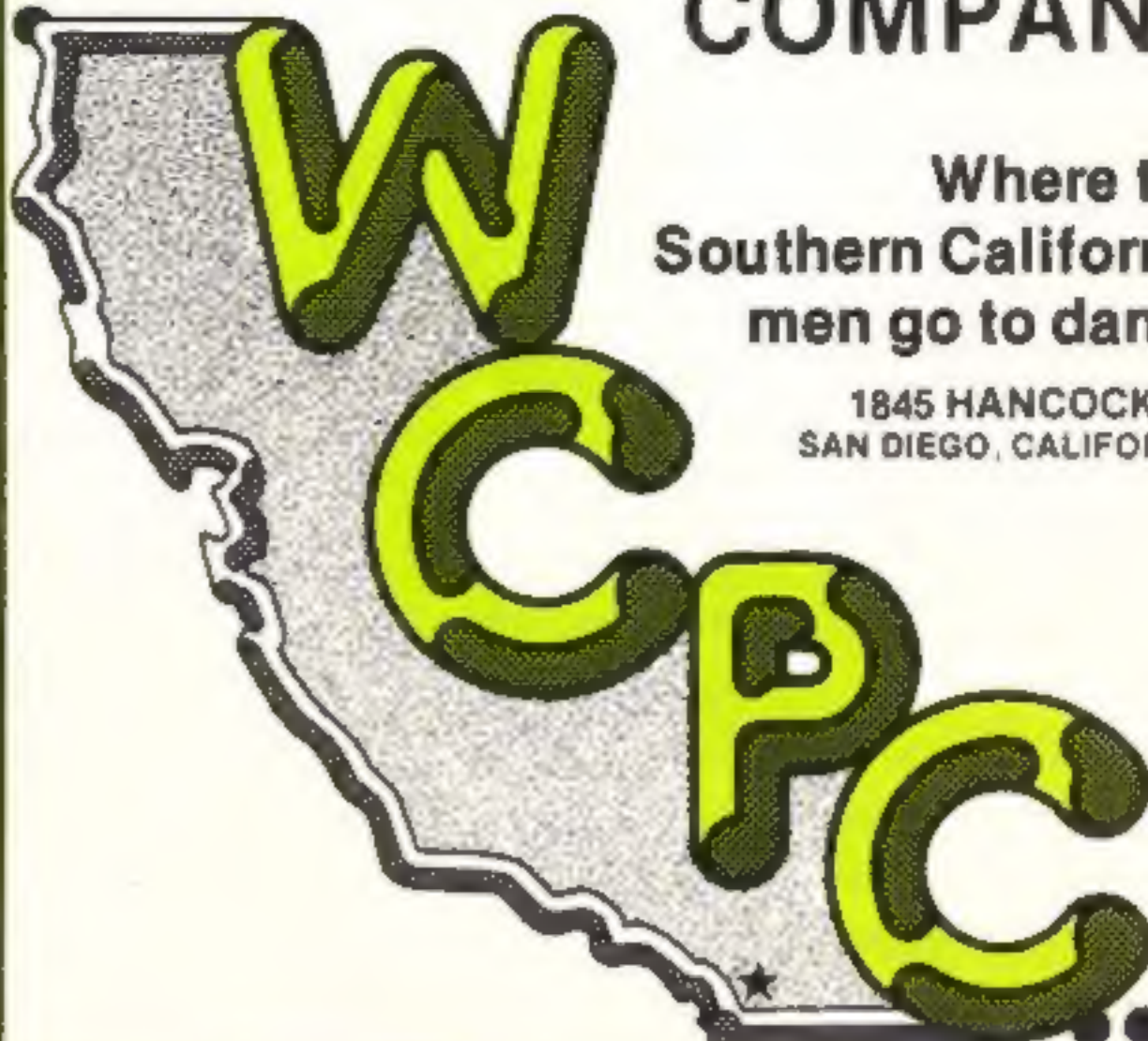
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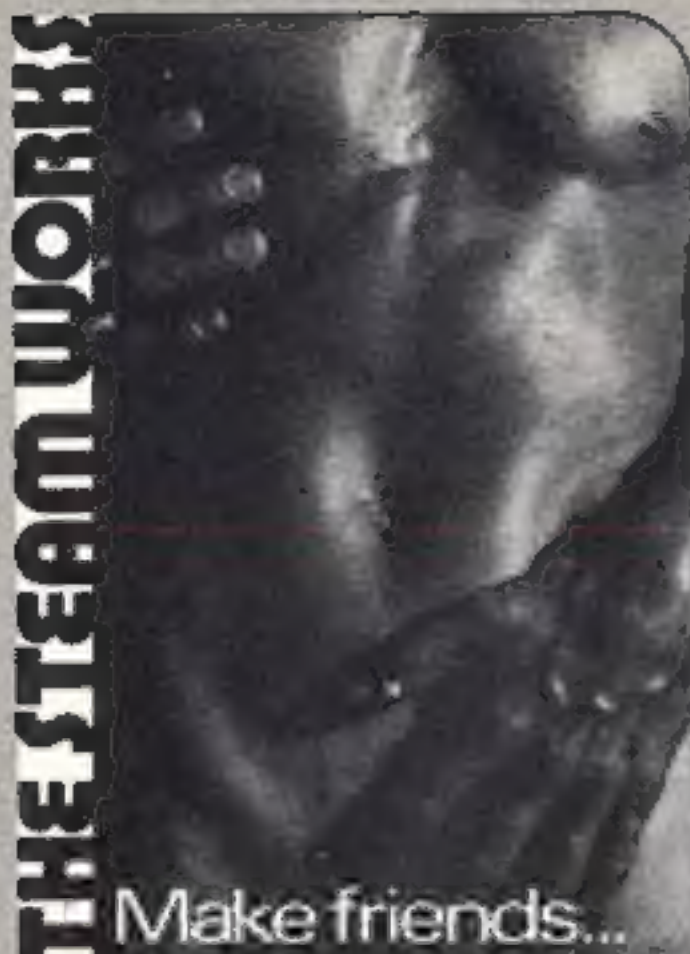
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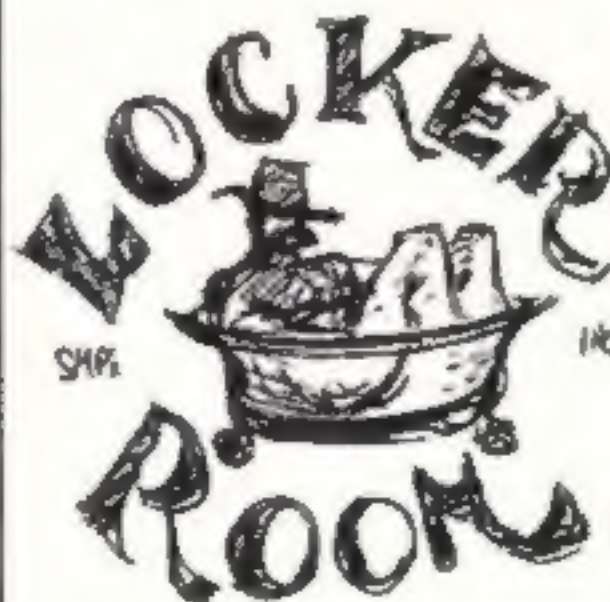
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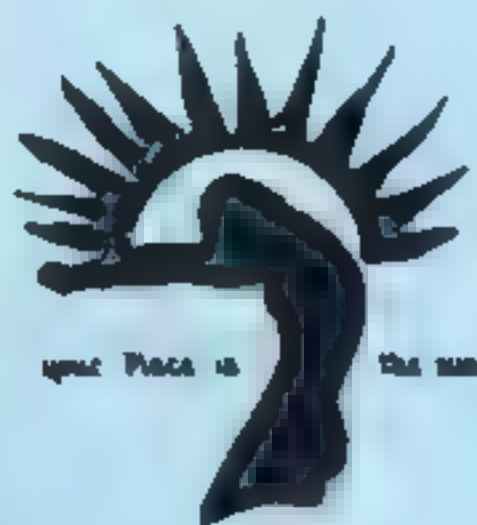
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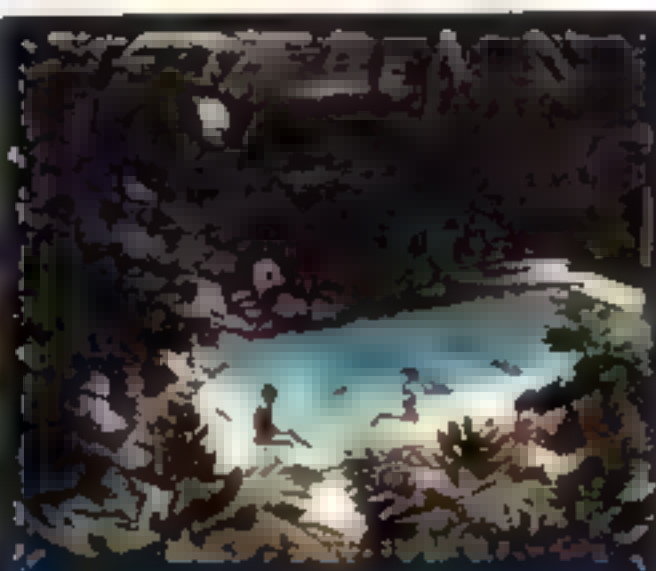
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Sacramento gay newspaper called Mom. Guess What? Boy, 8170 Sacramento, CA 95818, found this astounding bit of science fiction in the "Dear Abby" column that had run in the Sacramento Bee on April 20, 1988.

"Dear Abby: In a recent column you stated that Michelangelo was a homosexual. Abby, that was a rumor! It was started by Pietro Aretino, a columnist and professional blackmail artist who had hounded Michelangelo to some free drawings and was ignored. To get back at the artist, Aretino stated that Michelangelo was a homosexual, a rumor that has come down through the ages. —Clare Stuart."

Abby immediately contacted Irving Stone, author of the Michelangelo biography *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, whom she depicted as a world-renowned historian. Stone promptly replied:

"Dear Abby: Clare Stuart is entirely right. During the three years that my wife Jean and I were intently researching the life of Michelangelo, we conferred in considerable length with the author, historians, art critics and medical doctors who had made biographical studies of the time. In not one case did we find a scintilla of evidence to support the accusation that Michelangelo was a homosexual. It is important to note that no one else alive at that time in Florence or Rome, in correspondence, diaries, journals or published accounts, ever made such accusations against Michelangelo. Nevertheless, because of Aretino, the charge continued to be repeated by published authors who had made no attempt to verify it. The charge of Aretino troubled me greatly and spent endless time trying to rack down the truth. Had I been able to prove Michelangelo's homosexuality, I would have felt obliged to include it in his life's story.

I don't need to assure you, Abby, that I've avoided nothing. However, there are still some few people who, on the pretext of perpetuating this charge against Michelangelo, but they offer absolutely no proof except the Aretino slander. —Irving Stone."



Well, here we are again, kids—in TOUCH, the only magazine that puts you between the legs of the famous and the far-fetched.

We: What do we make of this? Jim Kepner, the curator of the National Gay Archives in Los Angeles, included Michelangelo in his article "Famous Gay People" (Issue 55) saying that Michelangelo's

gayness is implicit in his art, explicit in his sonnets and letters. Historian Bill Russo, in his article "Michelangelo's Men" (Issue 47) calls the beefy enormous weightier bodies of the artist an obsession. "That is the essence of gay. Of all artists in history there is none more homo-centric than Michelangelo. Russo also points out that the sculptor was a blatant misogynist, refusing to have women in his presence, looking down on painting as a

woman's art" and sketching most of his women figures from boy models. This sort of behavior from a homosexual is obvious, but from a heterosexual it's totally psycho-pathic.

Abby meanwhile received so many incredulous letters after she published Stone's opinion that she devoted an entire column to them. The chairman of the University of Florida's art department, Dr. Robert H. Weston, took issue with the novelist's inability to find "a scintilla of evidence supporting Michelangelo's homosexuality." "As an art historian, whose major focus has been on Michelangelo," wrote Dr. Weston, "I believe there is a great deal of evidence

Well, what do we make of this? Jim Kepner, the curator of the National Gay Archives in Los Angeles included Michelangelo in his article, 'Famous Gay People' (Issue 56) saying that Michelangelo's 'gayness is implicit in his art explicit in his sonnets and letters.' Historian Bill Russo, in his article 'Michelangelo's Men' (Issue 47) calls the beefy, enormous weightlifter bodies of the artist 'an obsession ... that is the essence of gay. Of all artists in history, there is none more homo-centric than Michelangelo.' Russo also points out that the sculptor was a blatant misogynist, refusing to have women in his presence, looking down on painting as a woman's art, and sketching most of his women figures from boy models. This sort of behavior from a homosexual is obnoxious, but from a heterosexual it's totally psychopathic.

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For example Michelangelo's own work is the visual evidence that he was preoccupied with the nude male. (Thirty-five of his nudes in 'The Last Judgement' in the Sistine Chapel were given drapery in 1564 because they were considered 'too suggestive') — In 1533, when Michelangelo refused to take a new boy as an apprentice, he wrote, 'If I were but to see him, I should pursue him not only into the house but into bed.' All of this is irrelevant, of course, because Michelangelo was a great artist whether he was homosexual or not."

A man who signed himself "Bob in Berkeley" wrote, "I haven't the slightest idea whether Michelangelo was gay or not but I was appalled by Irving Stone's defense of Michelangelo in which he refers to that possibility as an 'accusation,' a 'charge' and a

'slander' — as though homosexuality were some kind of awful crime. It is precisely because of this kind of bigotry that we will never know how many Michelangelos shared love with members of their own sex."

"Angry Minister with a Degree in Art History" made the unexpected observations: "How tragic that countless young men and women growing up gay are going to find out from Irving Stone's comments on Michelangelo that to be homosexual is something one is 'charged with' and that — even in this day of liberation, the homosexually-named 15-year-old has to decide whether she/he is 1) criminal 2) psychotic or 3) both. Why did the 'experts' Irving Stone consulted neglect to tell him that Michelangelo's nephew changed all the 'he's' to 'she's' in Michelangelo's erotic sonnets written to

the lovers break up, the body stops producing the chemical and the equally well-known physical love sickness sets in. The psychiatrists feel some people actually thrive on falling in and out of love, becoming 'love junkies' on a rollercoaster of love-induced highs and lows.

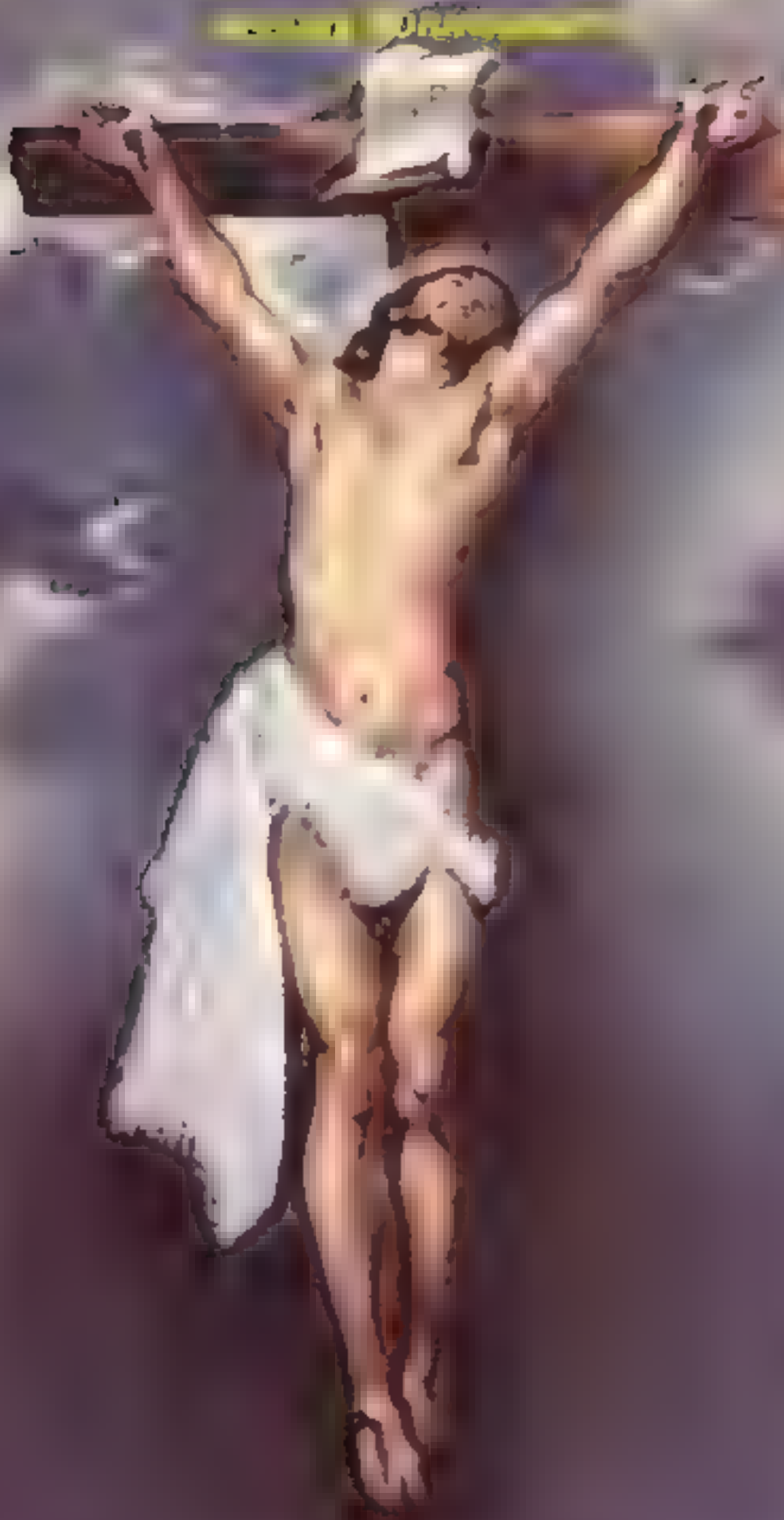
Well, this sort of stuff may be groundbreaking to the good doctors but it hardly comes as news to any of us who have studied the utterances of that great philosopher, Diana Ross.



young men? And how could Stone have not heard of Braccio, whom Michelangelo literally drooped for ... ?"

"Disgusted in Oregon" wanted to know what difference it would make. "Should we paint over the Sistine Chapel? After all, it shows God reaching out toward Adam — two muscular male figures almost touching! ... When will society accept the fact that homosexuals are people? They are doctors, lawyers, clergymen, judges, teachers, artists. They are approximately 10 percent of the population. Michelangelo was probably the greatest artist the world has ever known, and frankly, what he did after he put down his brushes for the day is of no interest to me.

Finally, Abby ended the column with her own fabulous comment: "Dear readers, alas, perhaps Irving left a few stones unturned."



THERE WAS RELIGIOUS ART

ANOTHER BRILLIANT BREAKTHROUGH FROM INDIANA: Golly, we'll just never understand how all these Baptist ministers get to be such authorities on homosexuality. The latest expert is Jack Hyles, a preacher from Hammond, Indiana, who has written a—well, *fantastic*—little booklet for parents on how to keep their boys from "turning homo." The title: *Jesus Had Short Hair*. How much do you love it? This piece of Baptist scholarship was unearthed by AGR, the official newsletter of Arkansas Gay Rights, Inc. (Box 3115, Little Rock, AR 72203) which quoted some of

the preacher's advice: "Sweating is good for a boy and will help him avoid homosexual tendencies. (This is why gyms and YMCAs are such hotbeds of heterosexuality.) It is not wise for boys to get physically close to other boys. It is not wise for parents to kiss boys excessively. (Whip 'em. Rev. Whip 'em good. Praise the Lord and pass the poppers.) One of the preacher's recommendations for discouraging homosexuality is particularly astute: "Boys should be around boys." Right. And Jesus had short hair.

WHAT IT ALL MEANS: The gay dress code is one of the subjects that a slim photo-book, *Gay Semiotics* by Hal Fischer (NSF Press, Box 31040, San Francisco CA 94131; \$6.95) sets out to explain. Semiotics is the study of visual code, that is,

"signs." For instance, when a gay man wears a blue handkerchief in his left back pocket, he is wearing a sign. It has three elements: the handkerchief, the color blue and the left side of the body. When "read" by another gay man, this sign means that the

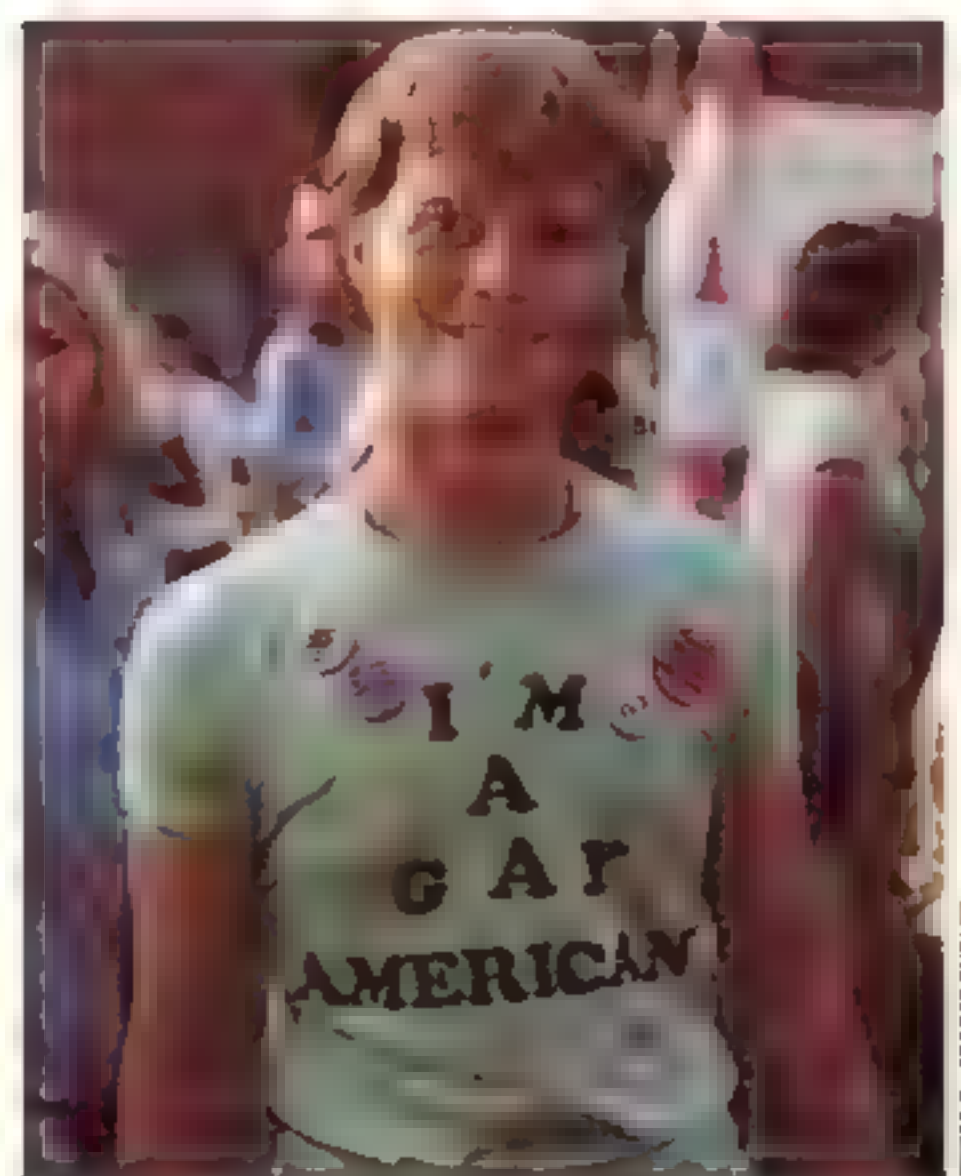


PHOTO BY GEORGE DUCKER

THE BURNING OF ATLANTA: One of the most fiery voices coming out of the South today is Atlanta's gay newspaper, *Gazette* (Box 13137, Atlanta GA 30324, "Priceless"). And that is as it should be. Only a year old (and so popular it has already expanded), the *Gazette* is in the thick of the Bible belt and under the terrible shadow of Atlanta's speculation over the sexual orientation of its notorious child killer. Last June, during Gay Pride week, the Galus bar took out an ad in the *Gazette* with the poignant statement, "We march for those who can't," a statement which we think says it all about the situation in Atlanta. In a blistering front page editorial, *Gazette's* editor-in-chief, Michael G. Jameson, issued a call to gay Atlantans to show their strength at the gay parade (usually attended by only a fraction of the city's

gay population). Citing the political persecution of the Fifties, Jameson proclaimed that "our adversaries will find a much different homosexual to deal with this time . . . We are no longer shivering in fear of police raids in tiny, nameless, usually filthy mafia-run holes that passed as gay bars (but our real community centers), we no longer put up with the off-hand casual slander of our community in the media as we did then, we no longer allow ourselves to be led away by the authorities to our certain fate for the crime of dancing together, we no longer sneak our dates into our apartments so that the landlady won't find out and throw us into the street, we no longer will stand by and see a gay brother or sister maltreated simply because she or he is a homosexual. We are ready to take our place in American society." Write on, *Gazette*.

wearer wants to fuck, that is, he is giving notice (the handkerchief) that he desires anal intercourse (the color blue) in which he will play the active role (the left side of the body). So sophisticated is the gay visual code that if this same man wanted to be the passive member in anal intercourse, he would only have to change one element of the sign: he'd wear the handkerchief on the right side. Unfortunately, *Gay Semiotics* never gets much past this elementary level. Occasionally there is an insight or two in the book's brief text that makes you wish the author had taken his task more seriously and come to grips with his subject more extensively.

Fisher, for instance, points out that straight society only uses signs to communicate non-availability—the wedding ring, the prom corsage—and usually only in relation to women. "In gay culture," he writes, "the reverse is true. Signifiers exist for accessibility. Obviously one reason behind this is that gays are less constrained by a type of code which defines people as the property of others or feels the need to promote monogamy. The gay semiotic is far more sophisticated than straight sign language, because in gay culture, roles are not as clearly defined. On the street or in a bar it's impossible most of the time to determine a gay man's sexual preference either in terms of activity or passive/aggressive nature. Gays have many more sexual possibilities than straight people and therefore need a more intricate communication system.

It is a pity that in an age when our best writing is aimed at demystifying subjects, this book is written—the little of it that is written—in the turgid, obacurantist style of the academic mystery text, making too much of too little, choosing to gild not the lily but the unaffected little daisy, which otherwise would be obvious and uncomplicated. Our appetite has been whetted. Let's see a really good study of gay semiology, clear, comprehensive and in-depth. ▲



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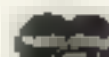
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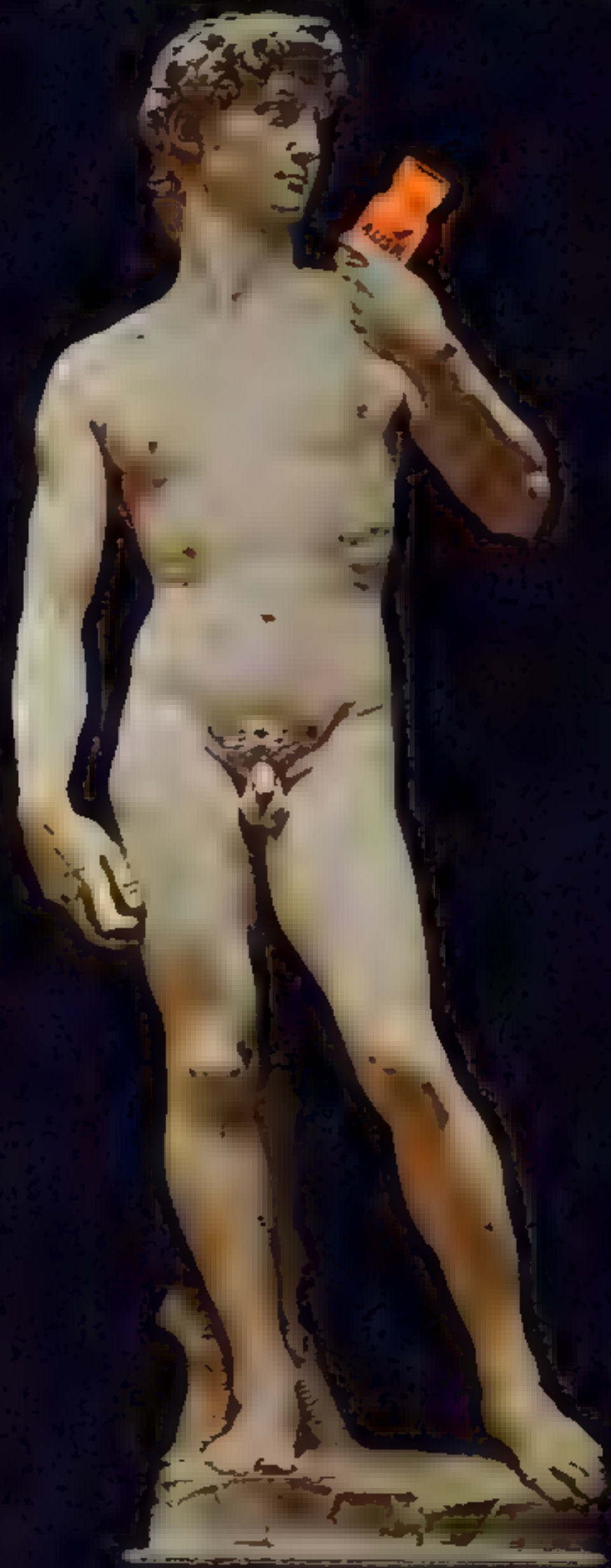
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LETTERS:

CORKY AND HIS DAD

I was very impressed by Corky Jones' article (Issue #56) on the sexual relationship he had with his father—and the pain and punishment his father put on him afterwards. It was the first time since I started editing *First Hand* that I saw an article I wished I had had first. It was brutally honest and wonderfully revealing. But I didn't feel the editorial apology at the head of the article was necessary.

Frankly, I'd like to see a copy of this piece sent to every Moral Majority member of congress with a little note saying "Here's an example of a man who couldn't deal with his sexuality. And here are lives that fell into violence and ugliness because people couldn't be honest about their sexual desires." It's always interesting that these coercive attacks on juveniles are never made by open, liberated gay men but by men who don't deal honestly with their sexuality—and this is a fact that we, as gay publications, shouldn't be ashamed to shout from the rooftops. Thank you again for publishing this article.

Henry Mach
Publisher, *First Hand Magazine*
New York, NY

I'm hooked on IN TOUCH. You've managed to combine beefcake, whimsy, humor, gay pride and information. Pat Burke's account of Navy men (Issue #55) was very informative and Corky Jones' story about his father was so poignant. And thanks for putting so much of our history together in one place in your article on famous gay men and women (Issue #56).

As gay publications struggle to reach an audience, I feel you are better approaching the winning combination than most. It's not just that you're giving something for everyone; you're also providing a context for gay people to be more well rounded and see the whole of our gay existence. Your acknowledgement of the gay press in your pages as well as the attendance of your associate publisher, Don Beavers, at the Gay Press Association convention is most gratifying.

Morgan Pinner
Treasurer, Gay Press Association
New York, NY

CANADIAN SAILOR WRITES

Thoroughly enjoyed Issue #55 on men in the navy. I'd like to give you some added insight on what it's like to be gay, young, obviously vulnerable and loving the gay world in the navy. It was just a few years ago when, as a teenager, I was in the equivalent of your naval reserve, the Royal Canadian Sea Cadets. I was onboard the destroyer escort, Saskatchewan, spending my last summer before high school graduation with the Canadian Navy in maneuvers off the West Coast. As a young gay male, I anticipated our stops in San Francisco, San Diego and Honolulu with erotic dreams, many pleasurable trips to the "head" (for quickies with the men onboard) and an ample supply of baby oil (borrowed from the horny, hard-up closet-queen ship's doctor). In San Francisco I had 24 hours leave and did everything a hot, hung 17-year-old guy is supposed to do in America's Gay City. When I returned to the Saskatchewan I was exhausted but, unlike my shipmates, wasn't suffering from horrific hang-overs. I hummed my way around the ship until we docked in San Diego, sexually sated (and more so) for the first time in my life. That Southernmost California city was an equal to San Francisco in every way imaginable. Honolulu promised equally erotic pleasures of the flesh, and I was not disappointed on the Jewel Islands. I returned at the end of the summer bronzed from head to toe, my brown hair blond, and my world together in my desire to pursue a strictly gay lifestyle. The admiring glances and groping hands and eventual love affair that resulted from that incredible summer with the navy were more than I ever expected. I'll be delighted to blow "reveille" anytime some sailor calls me here on the landlocked Prairies of Canada.

Michael Martin
Alberta

AND NOW: HETEROPHOBIA!

I want to complain about the increasing appearance of "straight" models in IN TOUCH. Granted, these models have great bodies but they are hardly the role models to make gay men proud of themselves and their lifestyle. Take, for example, issue #57. When you asked coverman Christian De Vito why he wasn't gay, he replied "I don't know. It just doesn't do it for me." That is the same kind of remark that I've

heard from the so-called mucho macho "straight" men through the years, most of which hate gay men deep down inside and are the source of all our oppression! And then when you asked your other model, Billy Bop, what his preference was, he replied, "I like guys . . . and chicks with small tits." What he really means is that he like guys as friends and girls as both friends and bed partners. It is necessary for you to make the gay community proud by featuring more gay models in your magazine. No matter how good looking a model may be, I will not "turn on" to a "straight" model as much as I will to a gay model. And there are plenty of gay models, you just have to look hard enough. I have been oppressed by "straight" men who profess to be mucho macho too long in my life to be turned on by them!

Marc Abbott
Las Vegas, NV

Marc, you're talking out of both sides of your mouth. In one breath you're denouncing oppression and in the next you're telling us we should discriminate against people because of their sexual preference. The idea that all straight men are your oppressors is as nonsensical as the idea that all gay men are your friends. Has being gay taught you nothing? If life has taught us any lesson it is certainly the lesson of tolerance. We all have to live on this planet together. Why are you copping an attitude about these "straight" guys—yes, yes, ironic quotation marks intended. (Billy Bop, by the way, is as gay as Quentin Crisp, stop reading your fears into our boy copy!) It is time for us to build bridges not fences. Get out of this ghettoized mentality. Haven't you caught on yet to the message of IN TOUCH? The world is ours. No one is so straight that he can't be made. No one is so gay that he can't fall in love with a person of the opposite sex. As Tennessee Williams wrote "What is straight? A road can be straight or a line. But the human heart? Oh no, the human heart is as curved as a road through the mountains."

Ed.

Sir, I do not want to be insulted when I read a gay magazine. There are plenty of sources for this from the outside press

BACK ISSUES of IN TOUCH FOR MEN



#48 (JULY/AUG.)
Aren Bates Toronto Sports Fashions
Batter Up Billy Hayes Hockey Night in
Canada Victor Armandi Revisted. An
of Bob France Gordon of Khartoum.

#49 (SEPT/OCT.)
Natural Men Tristhlon Roger Moore, Lee
Vegas Manhunt A to Z Skat Brothers
Color Me Hung, coverman Rex Johnson

#50 (NOV/DEC.)
Annversary issue. How to Pick Up
Straight Men 7 Years of In Touch Models
Men of the Olympic Gymnastics Team
Chicken interview with Zach, Box-Office
Days Tom of Finland

1981

#51 (JANUARY)
Gay Rodeo in Reno Best Chest in the
West Mark Hamill Face it - What Every
Man Should Know Caring for Leather
Gay Marine Reveals His Favorite
Things Tom of Finland

#52 (FEBRUARY)
Men of Australia Sexual Psychology of
Color Mud Wrestling Prince Charles
Military Discharge Angel Babies
Socrates and the Golden Warrior
coverman Mario

#53 (MARCH)
Richard Gere Sex in Prison How to Pick
Up the Bartender Naked on Madison Ave
The 1980 Men Revisited Shooting the
Rapid. Souvenir of Mexico, coverman
Kirby Scott Tom of Finland

#54 (APRIL)
Chris Atkins Sex Life of Tarzan Sacer
dise Hunks of Meat Rio-Cruising in
Sex City City Men in the Jungle Jungle
Men in the City, coverman Tony Hill Tom
of Finland

#55 (MAY)
Casting Couch Mr. Gian Salute to
Sailors Gay & in the Navy Exits Audi
tions Michel Serrault Mehule & New
thorne coverman Brad Davis plus Adam
Bludder Steve Foster Carl Flores

#56 (JUNE)
Psychic Predicts for Gay Rights. Strip
pers Vanessa Redgrave The Dandy
Mystique Happy Father's Day Gay Par
ade Book Our Heritage of Pride cover
man Joe Davis plus Fred Harsted Mark
Ramsey Tallulah the dog.

#57 (JULY)
Summer Sports Spectacular The Boys at
the Beach The 10 Sex-est Men in Sports
The Golden Gladiator Secluded Summer
Karlson Kamya Tom of Finland cover
man Christ an De Vno plus Billy Bop Don
Bishop Gregg Strom.

#58 (AUGUST)
Hollywood as a State of Mind Legend
Dinah The Fams of Crotch B-Movie on
Castro Street The Gay Filmography
Hooray for Hollywood Tom of Finland
coverman Jean Robert Le Cooz plus Zoi
tan Glenn Denard Curtis Robbins

#59 (SEPTEMBER)
Back to School Issue Freshmen
Wrestlers Those Naughty Naughty
Schosiboy Master Thesis Pool Quiz in
Touch Sex Poll Memories of a Naked
Boyhood Tom of Finland coverman
Peter plus Robert Cooper Tex Murdoch
Charlie Cross

and I do not intend to utilize my money for the kind of insults you printed in the article about Issue #56's coverman, Joe Davis. This boy's comments were degrading. There is quite a difference between being honest and being crude. If you have to utilize "straight (?) boys", I do not think it's pertinent to reveal their sexual preference. Such revelations may destroy someone's fantasy and since you are catering to one element of society why bring in a variant element. There are many gay men posing in women's magazines and the editors do not reveal their sexual preference I would prefer not to know. If you continue in this vein I will cancel my subscription and convince others to do likewise.

John Maragoglio
Los Angeles, CA

If you want fairytales then maybe you should buy the other magazines. You remind us of the Moral Majority people who don't like certain television shows but instead of changing the channel in their own individual homes, they demand that the shows be taken off the air so nobody can watch them. We don't always get that much information on some of our boys and when we don't we'll talk about the things we can see in the pictures. But when we do get a chance to interview a model, we feel it's important to print the facts. If you don't want to know the truth about them, why do you read the copy at all? (And as for Joe Davis' remarks being either degrading or crude, you've got to be kidding! Davis was one of the most inately sincere and unhostile people we've ever interviewed. Get over it, John.)

Ed

FAN MALE

On behalf of the many thousands of Christopher Atkins fans, a great big THANK YOU!!! for the wonderful article on Chris in Issue #54. Your article was in good taste and provided a look at a Chris Atkins many people have not seen.

Christopher Hansen
President Chris Atkins Fan Club
Ontario

EIGHTEEN AND ANXIOUS

I'm only 18 but know what I like WOW! What a way to turn a guy on, man Your article called 'Hunks of Meat' (Issue #54) was the best turn on I've ever read These short, true stories are amazing, just what I've always wanted to do, such as "The Newspaper Boy" and "The Coach at the Reform School" and more Just want to say thank you, IN TOUCH, for the greatest issue yet. Keep up the great work and turn ons. A so thanks to Boyd McDona d. Maybe you can help me with this problem I have When I go to discos and bars, I just sit there and don't move. I always leave alone. I've tried that "How to Pick Up Straight Men" bit, following the advice of

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your article in issue #50, but—well I won't tell you what happened. It might scare off other readers. (Try it anyways.) Can you tell me how to pick up GAY men?

L B

Quebec, Canada

L B., the answer to your problem seemed, at first, to be in your letter. You go to discos, sit down and don't move. Obviously, you should not sit down but move about, find someone you like and ask them to dance, or better yet just start up a conversation about any old thing. And yet something about this solution struck us as too pat. First of all, you do not sound like a meek guy. You've tried to pick up straight men, which takes confidence, and you relate to the two stories in "Hunks of Meat" that require seduction on your part either of a newspaper boy your own age or a coach, who would be, for you, in the teacher category. Frankly, you seem healthy and aggressive, with no guilt hang-ups about sex. This in itself, is such an attractive attitude that we must look elsewhere for the answer to why you are leaving discos alone. We assume you are going to gay discos. If you find the men you are attracted to in some way intimidating, "hard to get," start the evening by introducing yourself to men who, though they may not interest you as much, do not intimidate you either. If nothing else, this will loosen you up, put you in a socializing mood and let you roll with the punches. Perhaps you have not been entirely frank with us in your letter. Are you extremely overweight, extremely underweight, infirm in some way? If this is the case, other people have had these obstacles too and conquered them through diets, gyms and emphasizing their good points. Charm and good manners are things that few people talk about but truly they are sources of great power and personal beauty. When you are 18 you think you have to be perfect to be loved. When you get a little older and know what love is because you feel it for someone, you realize it's not the perfection of the person you love—perfection is a very cold and not quite human quality; perfection is a ballerina en pointe—it is their flaws, their frightened brave, noble, struggle to make the best of things. It is that, in fact, which makes them real to you and makes you love them. So, our advice is to correct whatever needs to be corrected and walk into the bar with the knowledge that everyone there is looking for the same thing. The way they look for it may take different forms—some people are loud, some people are quiet, some people are desperate, some people have it under control—still, you are on equal footing. Never be afraid to appear foolish, never be afraid to appear imperfect, never be afraid to go after what you want.

—Ed

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When I was in the eighth grade I used to think about three things constantly. Who did *it*, how often they did *it* and what my male classmates looked like naked.

Whenever the lights went out (which could be midafternoon because all I had to do was close my eyes for that to happen) a private theater opened for business in my head and my hand-cranked projector spewed out full length extravaganzas in living, flesh-toned color. The actors were the boys in my class, doing bold and wonderful things. There was Johnny T., our pun or quarterback, naked and doing *it*, or maybe the cute redheaded boy I never really knew well, naked and doing *it* too. The sets might be simple or exotic—depending on how horny I was—but the costume budget was a ways z-z-z-z.

The fact that I never said my classmates naked in real life didn't stop me from making educated guesses. The extent to which Bobby or Billy or Joe had outgrown the crotch space in last year's denim gave me a good idea of the kind of props they had to work with.

They all figured in my films at one time or another. Sometimes they appeared in solo roles, sometimes in ensemble pieces. Jimmy M., for example, fresh from mowing the lawn, would come into his house only to find it swelteringly hot and temptingly empty. All he had on was a pair of frazzled cut-offs that fit him so tightly he couldn't stop thinking about it. Remembering how pleasant it felt when he'd pushed his basket up against the handle of the lawn mower, he began to run his hand over his stomach and navel and down over his hardening nub. Slowly he pulled down his zipper. A few blades of grass stuck to his flat belly. He picked one off, wondering how it would look stuck to the pink shaft of his penis.

I thought it looked great.

Often my scenarios were built around classmates' suggestive remark or gesture. Once I watched Davey P.—a boy with the angular jaws, narrow eyes and lithe body of a fox—waiting for the ball to return from a left field foul. Playfully he planted the butt of his baseball bat squarely into his crotch, then slowly hoisted it up till it was perpendicular to his narrow humping hips, all the while jolting his head and grimacing in mock ecstasy. I was thrilled.

Davey had long fascinated me anyway (I'd have given my three-speed bike, second hand as it was, to get fooling-around naked with him) but this command performance was inspiring. In the movies that night the whole team gathered in the dugout to suit up in new uniforms: baseball caps and jockstraps. There were new rules too. If you struck out, you forfeited your jock. By the end of the fifth inning,



"I used to undress them with my eyes..."

Memories of a Naked Baseball

By Greg Arline • Illustrations by Michael Graham

From a photograph by Martin Smith



the field was littered. Only Davey still had his on. But he went down on the 3-2 pitch.

It was a sight for me that was more spectacular than a grand slam home run.

Davey played a lot more baseball after that (and struck out a lot) but it wasn't long before even my favorite stars were suffering from overexposure of a kind. Wriggling out of their jeans again and again under my ruthless direction to run naked on a beach or stretch out in some secluded pasture under the sun, they and their "special effects" were becoming less and less special. My mental movies were turning into TV reruns. It was definitely time to scout new stars.

Fortunately, it was just about then that I chanced upon a whole new pool of talent. Literally. Tagging along with a friend, I walked into the dressing area of the local public swimming facility. Within seconds I realized that my little production company had struck it rich.

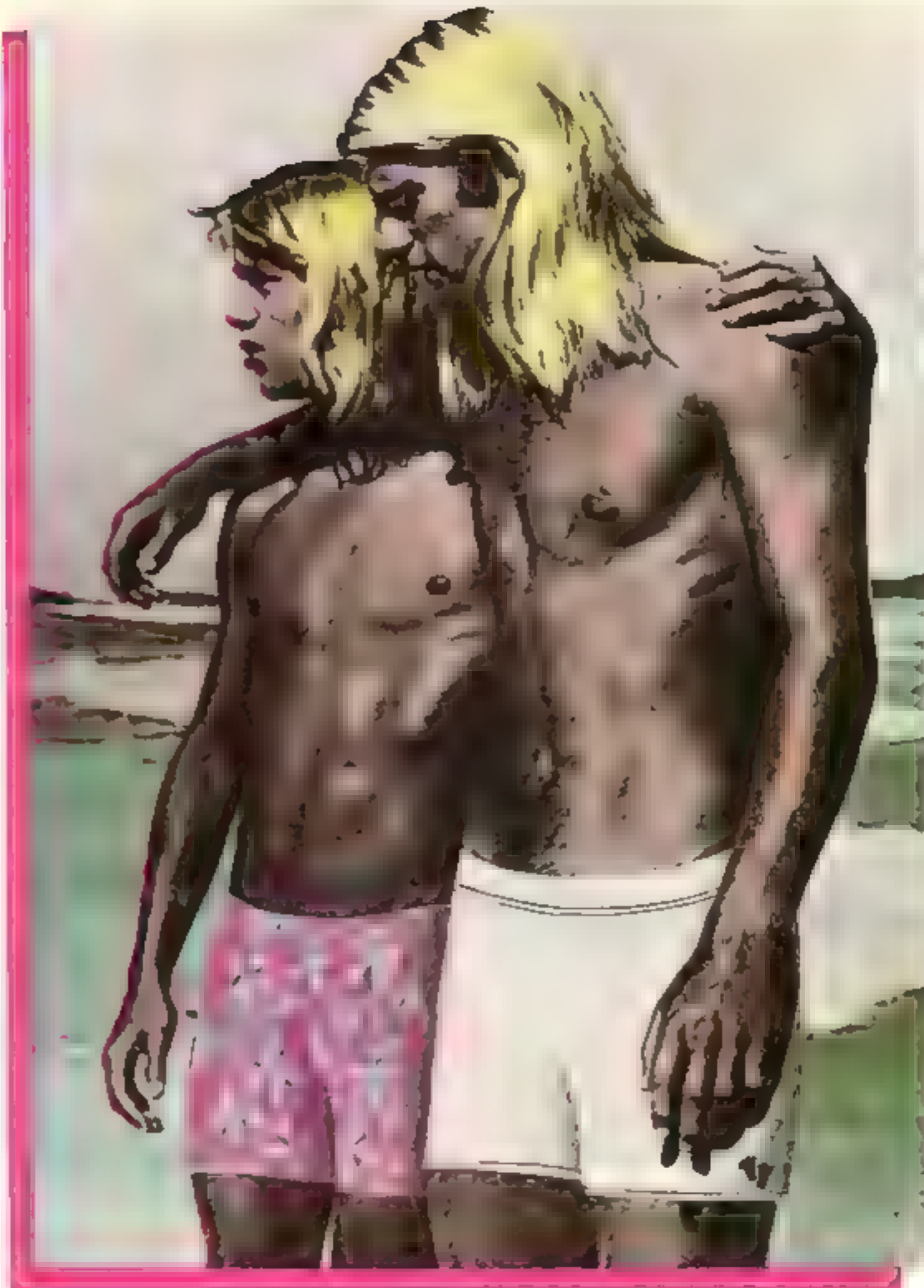
Appropriately Felliniesque, the changing room was more a corral than a room, composed of four concrete walls, rows of low benches and no roof but the sky above. Here were guys, dozens of guys, actually taking their clothes off in front of other guys. It was as though I had wandered smack dab onto the set of my steamiest fantasy. And nobody cared!

Surrounded by real guys, really nude, I felt flushed—and embarrassed by how sorely lacking my imagination had been! Slowly folding my clothes into a metal basket, I carefully surveyed the scenery. I had never dreamed you could grow them that big! What did it feel like to have *hair* there? From little moustaches to great crinkly crops of it? And some of them looked like they had to use two hands! (I didn't believe that the older guys did with theirs what I did with mine. I was convinced that no one beat off past the age of maybe fifteen, sixteen at the outside. Somehow they just went on to high school and that was the end of that.)

When one bare-assed, older kid a few feet away turned around, my heart nearly stopped. Talk about a banana! Thick as a rope, it dangled out of a thick bush of black wisps, drooping nearly halfway down his thigh. I wanted to stare at it for the rest of my life. But when I felt my gaze intercepted, I turned away, not wanting to seem the gawky kid I was. I looked up at the blue sky, grateful to be able to breathe again.

I still couldn't believe there was no roof over the place. And I knew exactly what I wanted for Christmas. A helicopter and a telephoto lens.

There was definitely talent here, yards of it, but capturing the best footage had its problems. A few of my potential superstars were frustratingly modest. Some-



where they had developed an uncanny and disagreeable skill which enabled them, in one swift motion, to drop their underpants and peremptorily hoist their swimtrunks. If I blinked I'd miss everything and even if I didn't I'd be left with only the vaguest image of what might have been.

That was no way to pass a screen test!

Even more maddening were the ones I watched with great discretion and fervent anticipation, patiently waiting for their (hopefully) big debuts, only to discover that they'd worn their trunks under their trousers!

At least the guys coming out of the pool couldn't get away with that sort of cheap behavior, I thought. But I was wrong. Some dudes—after I'd strained the corners of my eyes waiting for them to finish drying their shoulders and arms—would whip out their jeans and nonchalantly pull them right up over their wet trunks. Astounded and dismayed, I wished them

pages of midew

My annoyance was dispelled, however, when I discovered the show-offs. These were the guys who couldn't get naked enough or stay that way long enough. In spite of excruciating care and attention, they never seemed to manage to dry their equipment satisfactorily. If they did, the next problem was to decide what to put on first, the left sock or the right. Hell, they seemed to say, I'll just stand here and think about it.

As I picked up my shirt and refolded it for the twentieth time, they blithely ignored the fact that my eyes were feasting hungrily on their generous endowments swinging proudly from side to side. It was, of course, exactly what they wanted me to do. I was happy to oblige.

Finally, though, it came to an end. Jutting out their pelvises and tucking their juicy cocks into dark, tight pouches with a final flourish, they zippered up.

I took one last look around to make sure I hadn't "forgotten" anything, picked up my metal basket and carried my in-ore-dibly neat-folded clothing to the check-in for storage.

Then it was off to the showers for a per-functory rinse. There a large sign stated in no uncertain terms that everyone had to take a nude shower. It seemed kind of silly since people already had their suits on but I thought it was a pretty nice idea any way. In fact, I thought the sign would have made a great decoration for my bedroom wall.

For some reason I expected stalls and plastic curtains but the shower room was one big, open area. I thought this was a pretty nice idea too.

The first thing I saw was two rowdy guys flicking soap suds at each other's genitals, something I wouldn't have minded doing myself. But the public attention they were giving each other's private parts was powerful stuff. I took as cold a shower as I could stand. Dipping into the spray I was careful not to touch myself at all, for fear that the least bit of pressure might cause me to swell up instantly, an embarrassment which could only prove fatal. As much as I hated to do it, I made a concentrated effort to think neutral thoughts.

Before long, I was wending my way toward a grumbling fatman who sat on a stool at the end of the footbath. His job—I seriously wondered how one applied for such employment—was to require each man to shimmy down his trunks and expose himself for inspection. Actually I noticed he only had the younger guys do this. Now and then one of them got sent back to the showers.

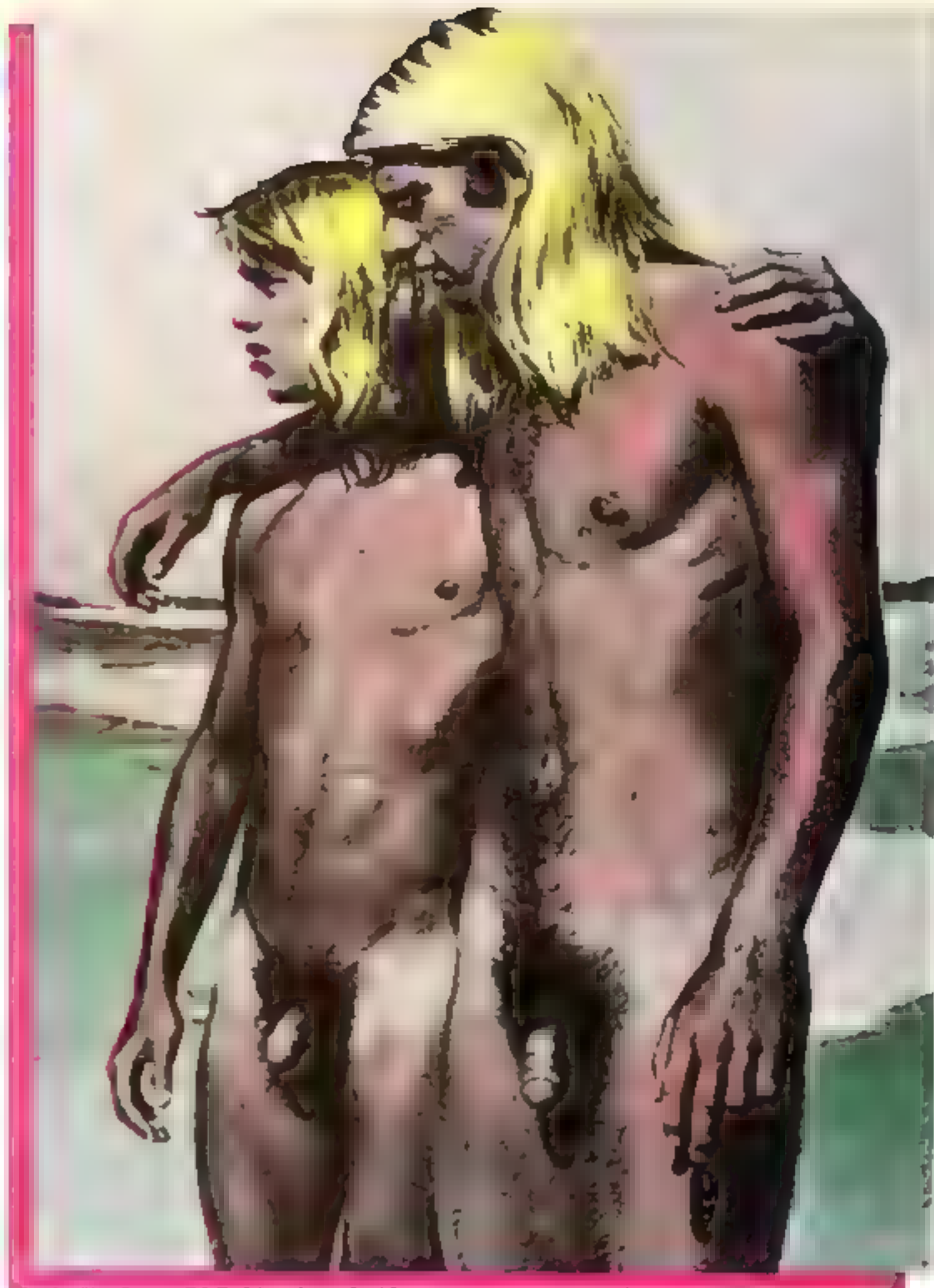
"Maybe his dong's dirty," somebody wisecracked.

When my turn came I approached with trepidation. Somebody had just whispered that if your dick wasn't long enough, the fatman didn't let you pass. I wasn't sure if this was a joke. Feeling like a fool and decidedly like a little leaguer, stuck with an ambitious but bare little weenie, I slipped my thumbs into my trunks and folded down my pouch just enough to convince him I had one of what I was supposed to have.

Approved with a grunt, I half expected him to push a tiny slip of paper into my goodies; "Inspected by Number 26."

Then it was time to tuck it all back in and head out to the sunshine and the chlorine, to do what you supposedly had come here to do. The pool was OK, provided you didn't waste a lot of time swimming in it. After a few quick splashes I retreated to the edge and propped myself up on my elbows. To rest, of course.

The pool scene was a poor second to



the dressing room but all the same I made note of a few select details I was sure I'd be able to use in my "films." Some titillating horseplay of the hey, let's grab-Billy-by-the-balls variety (Billy was cute, I hoped they'd do it.) Or the golden-bodied dude standing just above me at poolside, his hands on his hips and his bulge bulging beautifully in his dark blue racing tight.

Things got dull after a while but just when I was ready to call it quits I caught sight of the most memorable detail of all: A very good-looking guy—he must have been a senior in high school—seemed to have a large clothespin stuck inside his pouch. He was trying awkwardly to conceal it when it occurred to me—awesome y—that this pronounced tubular swelling must be a hard on!

I had to swim a few lengths to cool down.

When I finally entered the dressing

room, it took me forever to dry myself. A whole new collection of talent was auditioning itself and I wanted to be sure not to miss one fantastic new discovery. Besides, the idea of putting clothes back on my skin was unbearable. I wanted to stay naked forever.

But one thought hurried me—not even a whole new cast of undressing boys could keep my mind off it! It had to do with that guy with the hard on and the strange way he was going to lose all his clothes and how before he even knew it he was going to have that hard on all over again and try as he might the only way he'd be able to get it off was to take it in hand and

Not a moment too soon I pulled my jeans up and zipped myself in. I was going to be stiff all the way home.

Sneak previews were already flashing through my head. Tonight's movie, I knew, would be something else for sure.

A wild, wild world premiere. ▲

THOSE NAUGHTY SCHOOLBOYS!



THIS SPECIAL MEMORIAL FRAGMENT

On, those naughty naughty boys! Just look at these two. Before God and everyone. *Smoking cigarettes in the hay!*

And we all know where that leads

Smoking cigarettes in the hay leads to drinking in the hay leads to serving drinks in the hay and before you know it these two little pricks will open a leather & western bar and it'll be all over for the good, dear professors and noble coaches who worked so long and hard to make them upstanding and productive

Such naughty, naughty boys Set out on a wicked, worldly course. Discovering things about themselves that are definitely upstanding and already productive

Haggard masturbators, tit and dick refusers, law-and-order haters, school-tramp daters, getting bodywork on their car by working at Denny's waiters. Nasty boys.

As this article will show, all the education in the world cannot curb the natural naughtiness of naughty, naughty boys.

**THEY SMOKE IN
THE BOYS ROOM
TO BREAK
THE RULES!**

*Featuring photos from
the collections of
Jerry Mills, Neal Peters
& Dan Patterson*



UPHOLSTERED BY PARAMOUNT

**THEY DRINK IN THE
DORM TILL THEY'RE
PISSED AS FOOLS!**

**THEY HORSE AROUND
'CAUSE IT LOOKS
SO COOL!**



WESTERN UNION
PARAMOUNT
JUN 17 1955



ALL OF WHICH LEADS THESE INCORRIGIBLES TO A LIFE OF.....

SEX...

...AND DRUGS...



THE YOUNG MAN IN THE PICTURE

TITILATION: Naughty schoolboys get hard-ons the way good schoolboys get A's. All the time and for no reason at all. The gentle jiggling of a bus ride, shower spray making a direct hit on their hairless nuts, a beer and a joint and a line of cocaine from an older man with a warm mouth. The naughty schoolboy's head is in his cock and he wants his cock in someone's head. Nasty mischief, this.

THE HARD STUFF: These terrible boys will do anything once, twice, three and four times. They are prone to experiment with all sorts of taboo experiences like heroin and Mame Van Doren.



THE YOUNG MAN IN THE PICTURE

...DRUGS...



THE HARD STUFF These terrible boys will do anything for love, three and four times. They are prone to excitement with all sorts of odd experiences like heroin and Jimmie van Doren.

...AND ROCK 'N' ROLL!



JUNGLE MUSIC Naughty schoolboys are in league with the devil and the devil is in league with the school boys. They make out just like the devil, but both can and are of themselves.



CREAM IN HIS FACE These potheads. They smoke one J and they're muddling bliss. They go one hit at window pane and they're singing the Pussycat's Songbook to a doll's hand. Why can't they use their wherries in construction ways? Like asking who can piss the arsest? Why can't they aspire up instead of down? Like imitating their college teachers. The maternal boys who use their mbs in pinning their minds. Attending the cinema, lighting each other's pants.



THE THIRD SEX Sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll take their toll rapidly and before he knows it a naughty schoolboy will be a totally confused individual, holding onto one thing but wanting another. Whose face is James Dean really kissing?



J/O MADNESS: SOWING SOME VERY WILD OATS!



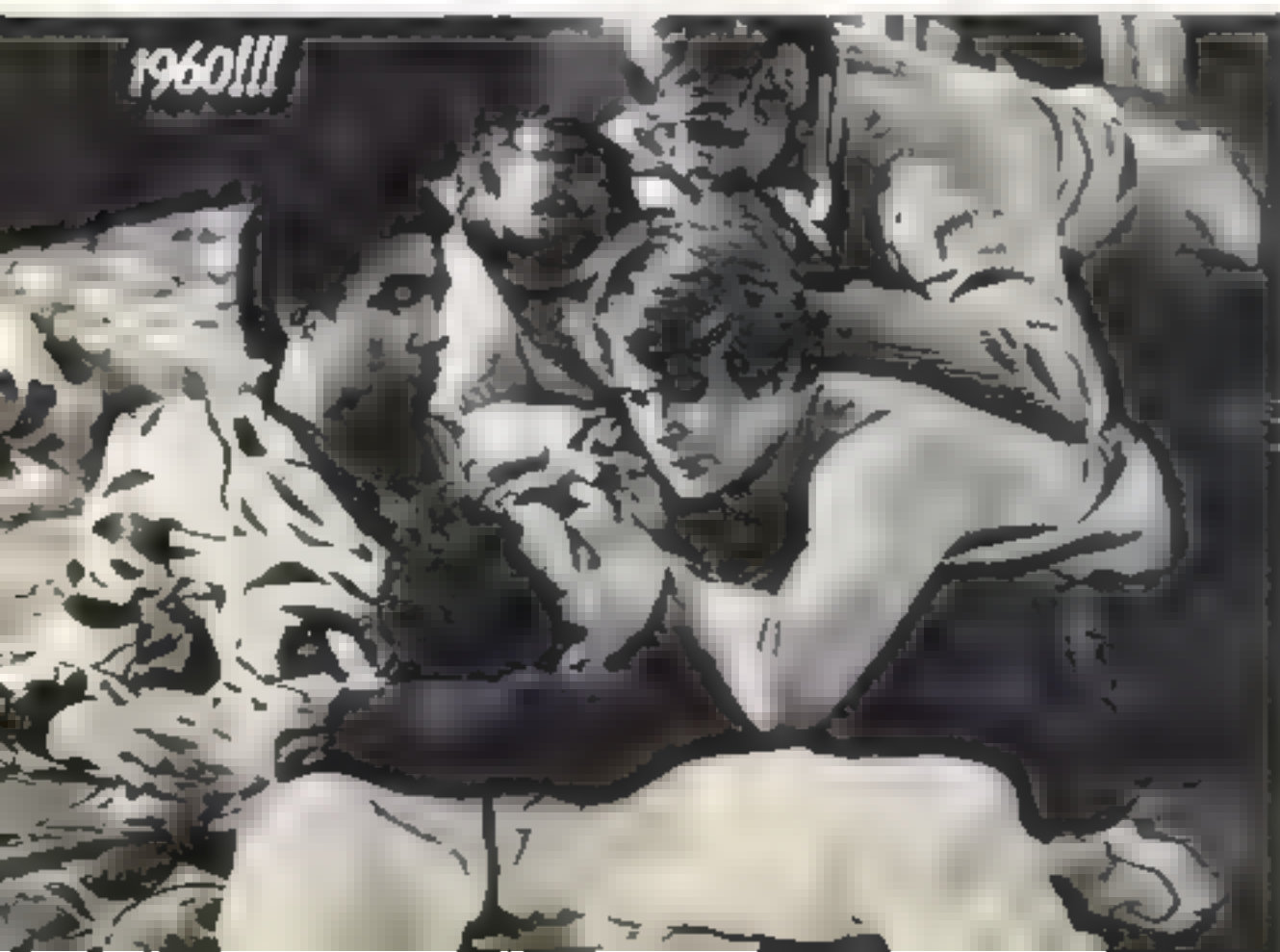
A SERENA C. UGAS, PANGLOSSI
HAT BOY ALI DARRIS

KINKIER AND KINKIER . . . :Below, sowing some very wild oats indeed. At right, the Nelson boys give it their best shot



FAS OF THE WAGNER HILL

IDLE HANDS: Oh how mortifying! Miss Nancy Kulp just caught these two demonic monsters touching themselves! She is sickened, she is saddened, she wonders what kind of world we're heading for. She makes both boys write "Idle hands are the Devil's Workshop" a hundred times on the blackboard. This saying is drummed into their heads so much during their naughty childhood that when they ripen into



WILLIE HS. C. HE. E. AMERICAN IN KINA TONAI

BOYS WILL BE BOYS: Often and quite vigorously. As you can see, things haven't changed through the years. Bad boys are constantly walking into each other's bedrooms to shoot the breeze and/or chew the fat and/or drive home a point (depending on versatility).

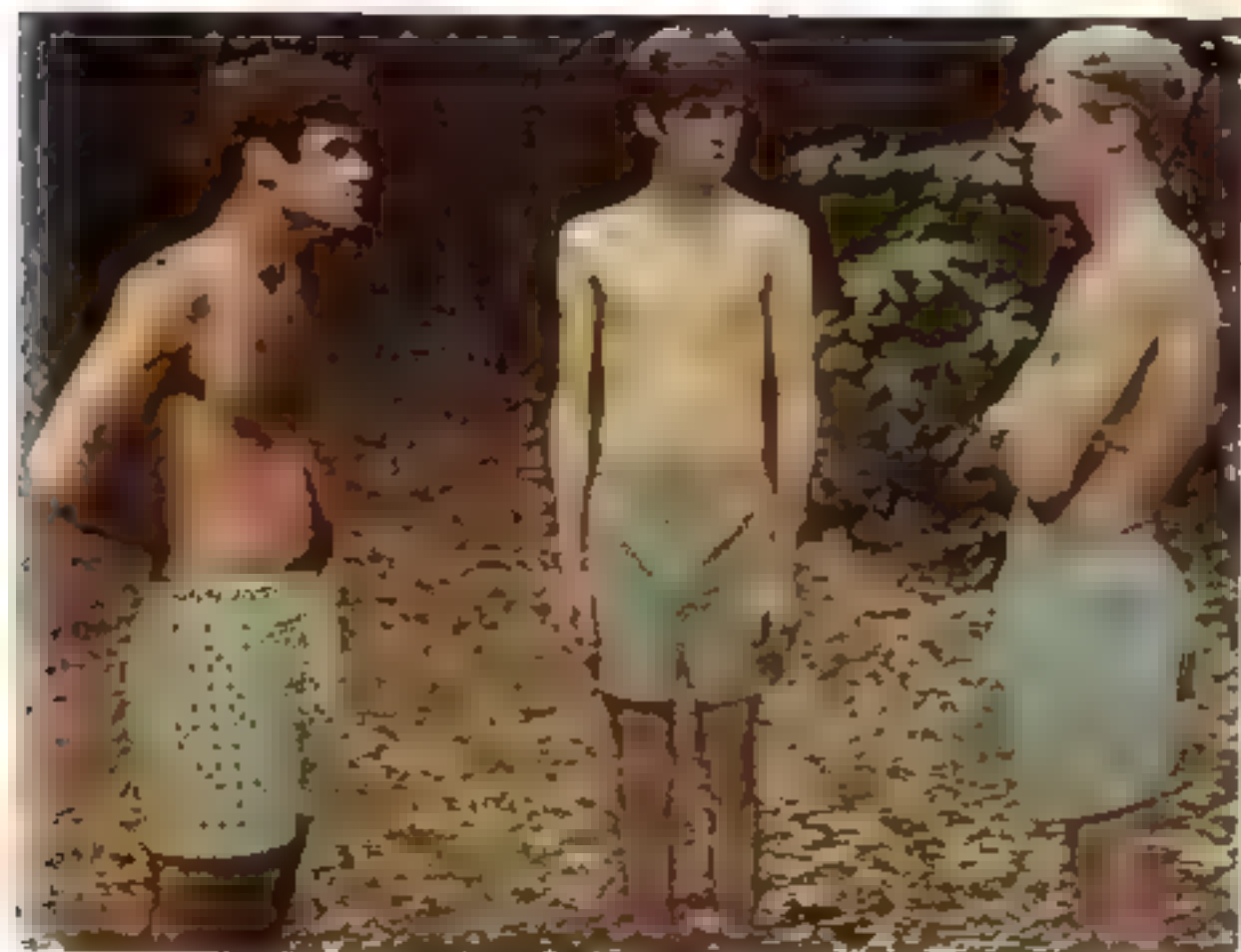
The bad boy will always find the most incredible reasons to sit straddling some nice schoolboy's chest. The miscreant at right, for instance, told the glee-club soloist under him that he was shielding him from an attack of the Bubbiepeople. Naughty!



THE NAUGHTY SCHOOLBOY



THE NAUGHTY SCHOOLBOY



THE NAUGHTY SCHOOLBOY

... AND KINKIER!: Thank you sir! May I have another?

Naughty schoolboys they always find cutes where everyone's hands are busy



THE NAUGHTY SCHOOLBOY

THE NAUGHTY SCHOOLBOY



IMMODEST ATTIRE: The hallmark of the naughty schoolboy

ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOR!



ROAD TO RUIN:
Disgusting personal habits, picking the noses of one's associates, sleazy hippie vests, and the harassment of Rita Moreno are final outcomes to be expected when naughty schoolboys grow unchecked. Even in naughty space children, a certain glow will come over the eyes as they embark upon a life of murder, mayhem, and mind-reading.



THE LORD OF FLAUNTIN' - MGM



THE WARRIORS - PARAMOUNT

SUBJECTS OF AMERICA - MGM



VI CASE OF THE RAINCOAT - MGM



JUST DESERTS!

BORN TO BE SLAPPED: The wages of naughtiness is Reform School Society does not look kindly upon the naughty schoolboy and he can expect to wind up fucked, murdered or made into a movie star. The descent is total. And the humiliations at the hands of cigar burning policemen complete. Might a spanking in time, administered by a firm but understanding hand, have saved this boy? Light bondage then? How about a few friendly nipple tweaks? Oh those naughty, naughty schoolboys. Something must be done about them. And before them. And behind them. and



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

THE END!



MASTER THESIS

FICTION BY ROBERT N. BOYD

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CEGUR

He awoke from the sleep feeling groggy and sluggish and for a long time was unable to focus his eyes. He was aware of being naked, that the ceiling lights were too bright and that he didn't know where he was. His body was a heavy drugged weight which, for awhile, refused to obey his commands. Turning his head to the right, he saw that he was in what seemed to be a jail. "What the fuck did I do this time?"

Slowly his muscles responded. He slid his slender legs off the side of the bunk, gripped the edge and, head spinning, sat up. For a jail cell, he thought, the cell was big, probably 15 feet wide and 10 feet deep, windowless and, in the center of the room, a table and chair both bolted to the floor. At the far corner was a toilet, wash basin and shower stall. At the other end of the cell through the steel bars, the only thing to be seen was a 25-inch TV set.

Shit, he moaned. "My dad'll kill me this time." He struggled to remember what he had done to get arrested. He had a g-g-g-g hard-on. He had to piss, bad! As he stood up, his legs almost buckled under the weight of his body.

The floor was soft and padded. *It feels like an electric blanket.* He started toward the toilet; suddenly his bare feet touched cold metal. A six-foot-by-six-foot steel plate was set into the floor in front of the door of the cell. "That's weird," he muttered.

He crossed the steel plate, was again on soft flooring and pissed for a long time into the lidless toilet. His erect cock felt good in his hand. He compared the feel of a piss hard-on to a sex hard-on. They both felt good, and when at last he had finished, he stroked his half-hard cock a few times.

It was on his way back to the bunk that he saw the note on the table.

IF YOU'RE HUNGRY, SAY SO OUT LOUD I WILL HEAR YOU.

The boy's calm began to deteriorate. He saw that the entire rear wall was covered

by a massive sheet of reinforced plexiglass, behind which was a collage of magazine centerfolds. Nude men, every one of them! "What the fuck?" His first thought was that the cell's previous occupant had been a faggot. But the centerfolds were inaccessible. They couldn't have been placed there by an inmate! He started to turn away when his eyes were riveted by one photo.

A picture of him!

He was shown lying asleep on the bunk totally nude, his cock semi-erect. The photo had obviously been taken from the ceiling of the cell. He looked up. Amid the bright lights there appeared to be other openings; one of them could conceal a camera lens.

"What the fuck is going on?" he cried. He went again to the wall of nude male photos where his own slender nudity occupied the predominant position and then he rushed to the cell door and tried to shake it. Unlike most of them, this one wouldn't rattle or make noise. "Hey! I want a lawyer!" he yelled. "I know my rights! I demand to see a lawyer! I've got a right to make a phone call!"

He screamed and yelled for more than ten minutes. Then he gave up. "What the fuck is going on?" he mumbled with an odd twist in his voice for now he was frightened. Tears streamed down his high-school basketball-player face. "My father will, my father will..." but he didn't know what his father would do. The only thing he knew—and it was with a slow-dawning panic—was that this was no ordinary jail.

If a jail, in fact, it was. Druggishly he fell back into a fitful, restless sleep.

Conrad sat before the console with its eight TV monitors, each one showing the interior of the cell from a different viewpoint. All monitors were lifeless except two. Number Six (its camera mounted in the ceiling above the bunk) and Number One (its camera peering into the cell from the walkway). Number Six showed Lee's naked tossing, his sinuous body assuming, in sleep, wildly seductive poses. Conrad was getting aroused. His velour robe fell loose around his muscular frame. He cursed the fact one more time that he had been in the shower when Lee awoke.

Upon entering his control room, directly over the basement cell, Conrad caught only Lee's sobbing collapse on the bunk into another deep sleep.

Editing the eight different tapes into one coherent, sequential cassette would be a time-consuming task.

Lee didn't know what day it was. He didn't know how long he had been asleep where he was or how long he had been there. On the table he found a new note.

YOU ARE NOT IN JAIL IF YOU'RE HUNGRY JUST SAY SO I'LL HEAR YOU.

He read the note a dozen times. "Not in jail! Then where the fuck am I?"

There was no answer.

Okay! I'm hungry. Where's the food? Lee reasoned that if he asked for food, it might get him someone to answer him.

Silence.

Hey, I'm hungry! What kind of fucking game are you playing? ... Huh? Huh? *If I ever find out who's doing this I'll kill him!*

There was a click, a meshing of gears. The sound of a pulley chain. Outside the cell, a dumbwaiter lowered from a trap door in the ceiling and stopped at the horizontal slot in the cell. Lee removed a plastic tray with two sandwiches, a styrofoam cup of soup and a plastic bottle of milk. Beneath the tray was a magazine with a handsome boy, stripped to the waist, on the cover. "Shit, I ain't no faggot. Give me something good to read!" He flung the magazine into the walkway.

A jolt of electricity surged through the steel plate and Lee jumped convulsively. Landed on the plate, was shocked again and fell back finally to the safety of the padded floor.

Conrad turned from Monitor One and smiled. Opening a looseleaf notebook, he rapidly scribbled several notes.

After eating, Lee stepped into the shower unaware of the two video cameras recording his movements and showing them to Conrad. The boy soaped his almost hairless body. Conrad watched as Lee worked the suds into a thick lather around his rising cock, slowly stroking the magnificent length of it. Blood pounded in Conrad's head and he took out his own member jacking it off in rhythm with Lee.

Robert N. Boyd, who told us about sex in prison in Issue #53, was in prison when he wrote this story. We are happy to report that he has since been released and is living in Denver.



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COLT

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Colt is for adult audiences; you must state you are over 21

The boy accelerated the pumping of his rigidly erect organ to a fiery speed

* * *

His moods alternated between uncontrollable rages and deep depressions, frustration and self pity. His captor remained aloof and aggravatingly silent. Yet at his requests for food, the dumbwaiter would appear with the inevitable sandwiches, soup, milk and gay magazine.

When he wasn't angry or depressed, he was bored. At first he thought he had been kidnapped. Later, though, he had given a lot of thought to the pictures on the rear wall, his own nakedness and the electroshock plate which had jolted him when he threw away that gay magazine. It added up to more than kidnap for ransom—but what?

His thoughts were interrupted by the descent of the dumbwaiter. He hadn't asked for food but he realized he was, in fact, quite hungry. He removed the tray. "Hey, can't I get something besides sandwiches?" There was, of course, no answer. Another one of those queer mags was beneath the tray.

"Haven't you got any *Playboys* or *Penthouses*?" A slight tingle of electricity coursed through the steel plate. "Okay! Okay! I get the idea!"

This time Lee took the magazine to the table. Even a taggoli magazine was better than total boredom.

The dumbwaiter disappeared and returned moments later. Lee shuffled over to see what it had brought. Two marijuana joints, a matchbook and two white pills bearing the legend ROHRER 714.

"Hey, awright! You're not all that bad!" He opened the matchbook and saw that he had only two matches. "But you're careful, ain't ya?"

* * *

Lee was dead asleep when Conrad stole into the cell. The chloral hydrate would assure that he didn't wake up but Conrad was always cautious. *One day*, he thought, *I'm going to be too cautious*. The grass, the quaaludes—not to mention the sleeping drops in the soup—were enough to knock out an elephant!

Except for a narrow, Lone Ranger mask, Conrad was nude. At 25, he was as proud of his superb physique as he was of his 168 IQ. And he was an egotist—at the moment, a naked egotist, strutting his nudity around the quiet cell, knowing full well where the cameras were concealed. Later he would enjoy viewing the tapes.

But more than that, he would enjoy showing them to Lee.

He approached the bunk where the youth lay, on his back, legs sprawled, and put one hand lightly on the boy's tummy, running it over the silky soft flesh of the captive. Conrad toyed with his own cock and knelt over Lee's genitals. He licked the youth's balls, then took the flaccid cock into his mouth.

Lee remained lost in oblivion, softly soft. (Continued on page 78)

*"Angel looks down on him and says,
hey prettyboy, can't you show me
nothing but surrender?"*
—Patti Smith



**TOM OF
FINLAND'S
PAGE**

Tom



ROBERT

***He's bound
and determined***

First the car wouldn't start. Then the bus didn't come. Robert is going to be late for trade school and his auto-mechanics teacher is a real hard-ass. Robert Cooper, 18, lives in a backroads housing development east of Houston. The roads, even the paved roads, are pretty slim pickin's for a hitchhiker but Robert knows

a wooded strip nearby that, though desolate, is not deserted. It is frequented at all hours of the day and night by men in parked cars. Once there, having no time to waste, he immediately takes off his pants and hitches in his jockey shorts. The car stops. Robert hops in.

"Mr. Hawkins!" Robert recognizes his wood shop instructor.

"Cooper! Where's your pants!"

"In my bag, sir. Took a swim in the creek down aways. Didn't realize how late it was."

"Oh, it's not that late."

"Yeah, but I have Mr. Mendola for automechanics ..."

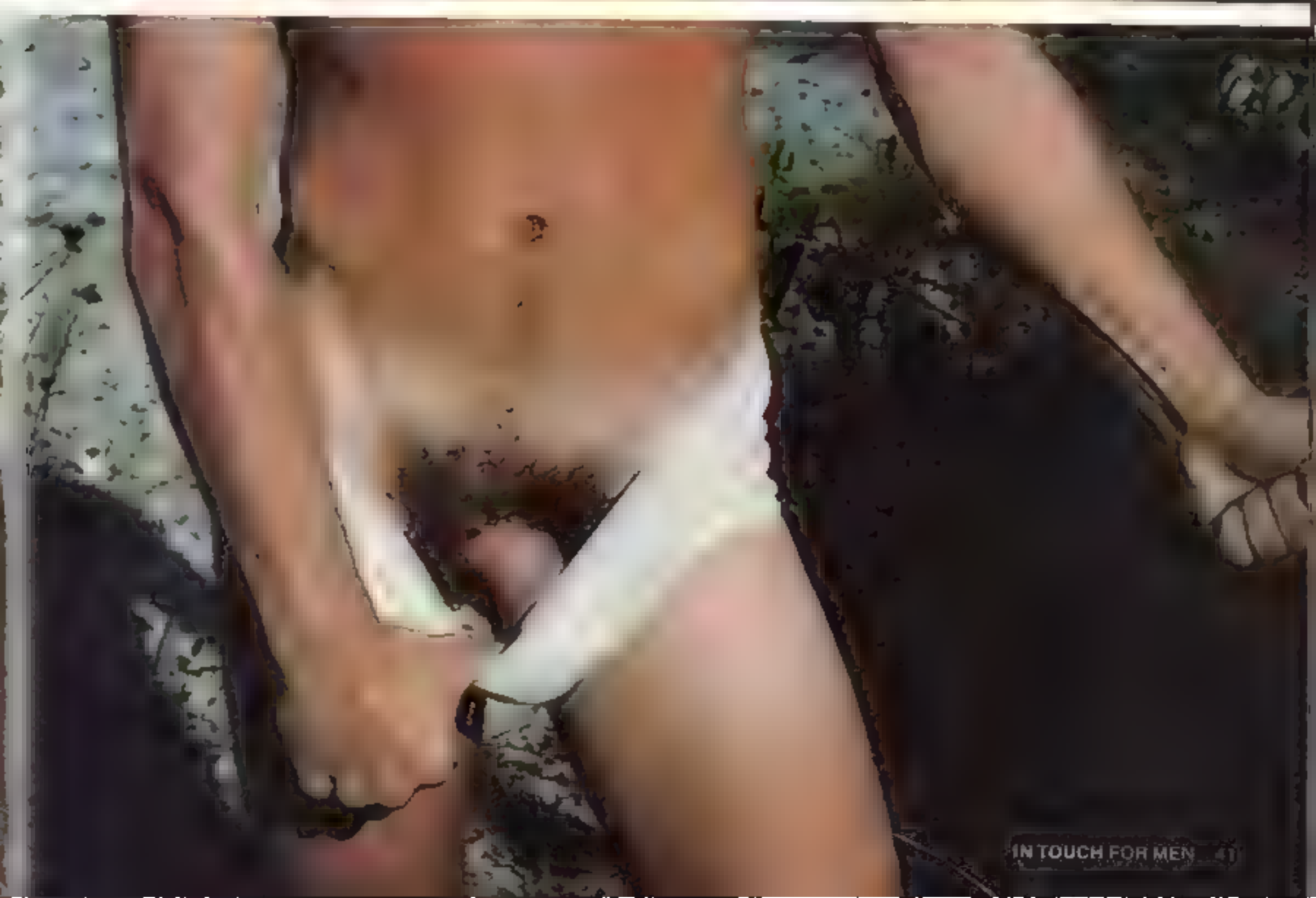
"Mr. Mendola is out today. His classes have been cancelled."

"No joke!"

"Looks like you're early, boy."

Now what can a trade-school boy in ripped shorts and a wood-crafts teacher with a name like Hawkins do in the woods for an hour and a half? For the startling answer, turn the page ...

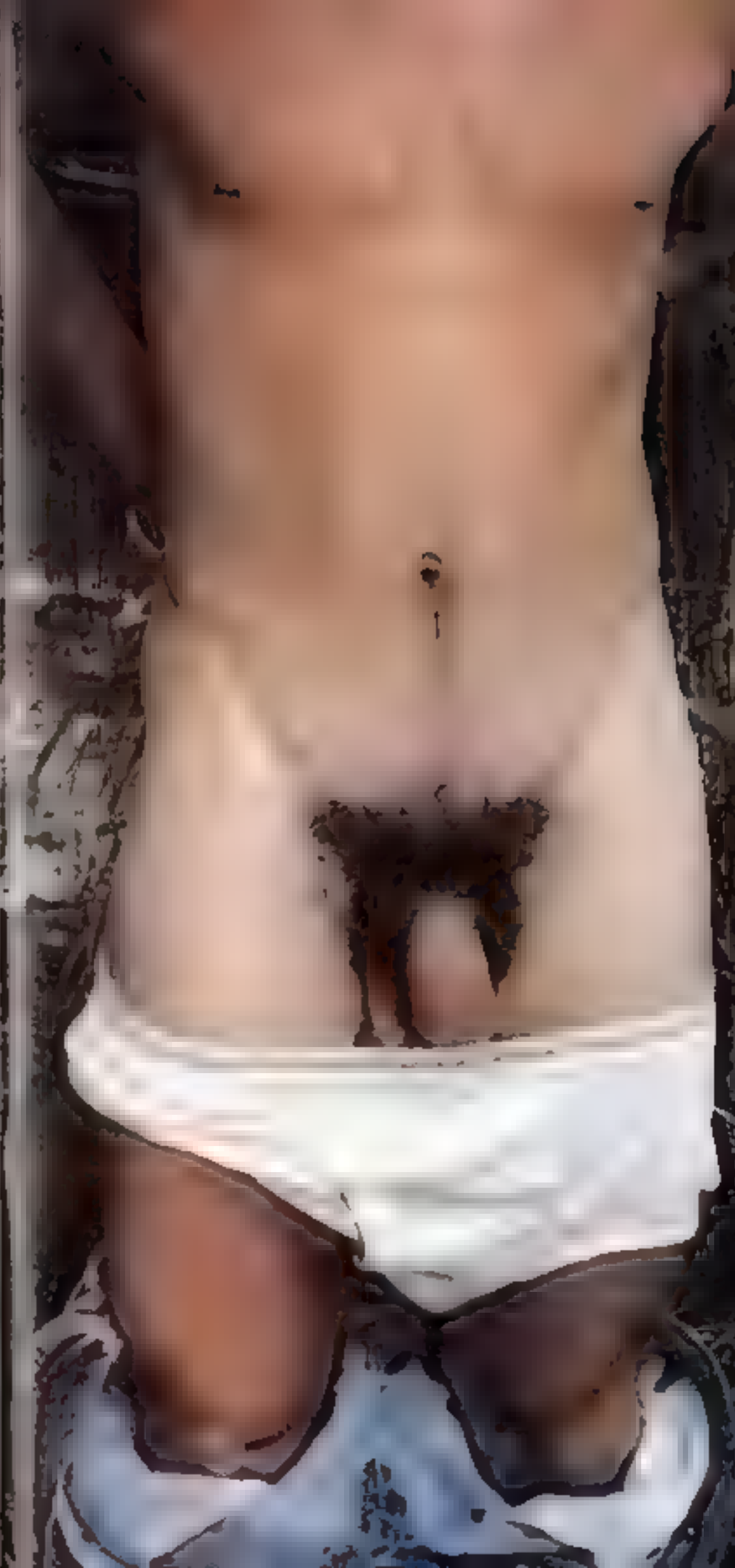
**Photos by RICHARD
MODEL EXCLUSIVES**





Obviously, there are more things in heaven and earth than are ever dreamt of in a woodcrafts class. In this game, Robert is the brave prisoner of war showing how much he can take and how he won't break even when Mr. Hawkins "tortures" him with a feather. Oh, the prisoner is brave for many minutes, resisting even the sudden caress on the inner thigh, but when Mr. Hawkins introduces a golden spray of water torture into the game—

Obviously, there are more things in heaven and earth than are ever dreamt of in a woodcrafts class. In this game, Robert is the brave prisoner of war showing how much he can take and how he won't break even when Mr. Hawkins "tortures" him with a feather. Oh, the prisoner is brave for many minutes, resisting even the sudden caress on the laser thigh, but when Mr. Hawkins introduces a golden spray of water torture into the game—



"Take that, and that, and that"—Robert rises, to the occasion and fights against all the (makeshift) knots that hold him. Jockeys slipping, knots rubbing, Robert now really rises to the occasion, an uncircumcized display that is not lost on the, in one sense, wooden Mr. Hawkins. Robert, the brave prisoner of war once again, tries to hold back, but Mr. Hawkins is too crafty for him.

In the end, everybody gets to class, on time.





PETER *He Bites*



Peter will graduate this year if and only if they give out diplomas for jerking off, punking out, damaging school property (he was caught carving a rather caveman-crude picture of Miss Standish and Coach Swenson in the boys room), talking back to teachers (he called Miss Standish "an asshole" when she said punk rock wasn't music), inciting fights in the locker room by using his jockstrap as a sling-shot and, the last straw, showing up for class in advanced leather attire. In this incident, he embarrassed Coach Swenson in front of all the boys when the coach asked if the metal ring he was wearing was some kind of new support. Peter told him, "No, it just feels good," which made the other boys curious to try it on, an experience for which Peter charged fifty cents, allowing him to afford even more hideous sexual equipment and when he showed up at gym class the next week he set up what we believe is called "a sling", demonstrating its uses and allowing the boys to take turns in it, an experience for which they were charged \$20 in what we believe is called "the going rate."

For these reasons, we have concluded that Peter is incorrigible, unteachable and has no future in the educational system. If however he chooses to move to San Francisco we see him becoming a millionaire before he's 21.



Photos by DON C. HANOVER III—YEARLING









CHARLIE

He's good at logarithmic functions.

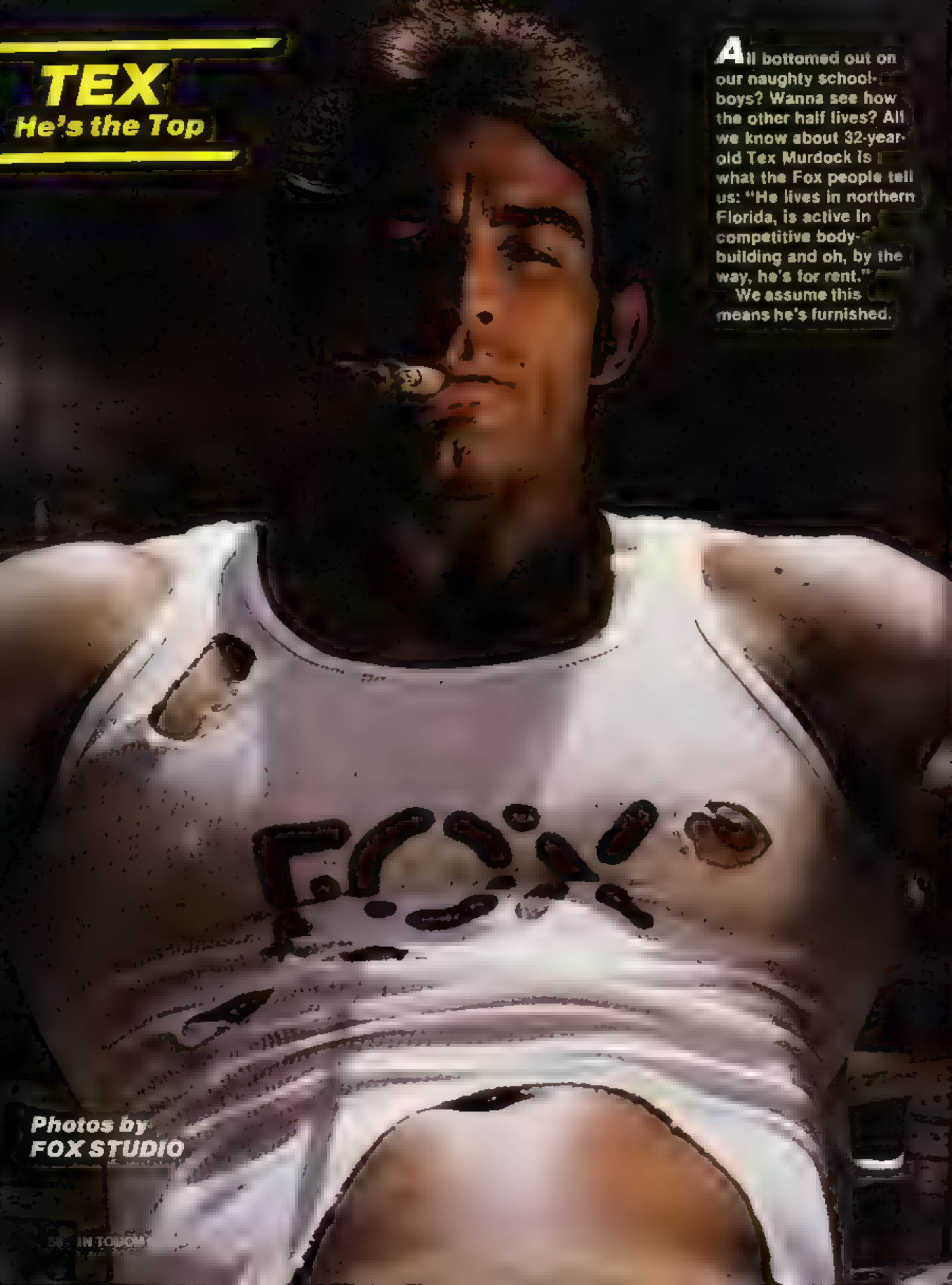
Charlie Cross, 20, is a sophomore at Pennell State who is studying to be a math teacher. According to the photography studio that took these pictures, Charlie is into gymnastics for fun, not for competition. He is quite studious, likes outdoors, camping, fishing and is always on the prowl (Math minds continue to tick away).

We thought you'd like these pictures.

Photos by
ZAK DRUMMER/COLLEGE STATION







TEX

He's the Top

All bottomed out on our naughty school-boys? Wanna see how the other half lives? All we know about 32-year-old Tex Murdock is what the Fox people tell us: "He lives in northern Florida, is active in competitive body-building and oh, by the way, he's for rent." We assume this means he's furnished.

Photos by
FOX STUDIO











GAY LIT QUIZ by Joseph Patton

Identify the gay-themed books or plays that the following came from. Time: 7 minutes. Pencils down . . . NOW!

1) "How is the world of fiction? What have you got coming out at the moment?"

"Well, just one of those historical romances where he hero shoves his sword into assorted villains and his cock into assorted ladies. It won't get the reviews but it'll make us money."

"If he did it the other way around you might get both."

2) "Have you been circumcised?"

"Why, no, ma'am. I never was."

"So few Polish boys are, I'm told."

3) "I don't care anymore whether faigues are out, or Lacoste's the kiss of death, and whether Eddie Chin has let his body go to pot, and will he be anally oriented again this winter, too! And who Terence Hutchinson's lovers used to be, and whether or not Jackie O is going to Halston's party Friday! I don't want to hear another word. I just don't care. I'd like to be serious."

"I think I should change clothes if we're going to be serious."

4) "It would have been lovely if you hadn't fucked it up."

"Nobody's fucked nothing."

"Not yet, but you're going to sit on my cock all the way back in Mobile, and I hope the ride is bumpy."

5) Promiscuous homosexuals . . . are the shock troops of the sexual revolution. The streets are the battleground, the revolution is the sexhunt, a radical statement is made each time a man has sex with another on a street.

6) Donough Gaylord died at midnight. He looked up at me, surprised. Bells tolled, the sea continued, our love endures.

7) One night (in Dallas) I went home with a big hunk of a Texan who had jug ears, meatpacking hands and slightly overlapping teeth. We got stoned in his "town house" and entered a fantasy in which—oh, I won't spell it out. Suffice it to say he was the hand some stud, I his twelve-year-old son and at one point he was in nothing but boots and hat.

His was the consummate Texas rap, complete with the expression, at the moment of climax, "I'm fixin' to come." Everything anyone could desire. And of course it was all learned in New York, where he had worked as a hustler.

8) "Did you see Frank Gilbert last night at Flamingo? He shaved his body. And waxed his stomach. He looked incredible!"

"Someone said he never wipes his ass, he goes out dirty on purpose. Now *that's* confidence."

9) "How long have you been a person?"

"I'm not a pervers."

"How would you describe a man who mauls young boys, importunes policemen and lives on terms of intimacy with a woman who shaves twice a day?"

10) "If you are in love with giraffes, you should live on the Serengeti, if you are in love with surfer boys, you must go to Montauk. And that is what I did."

But Rafael, you never slept with any of them!

"So what? One smile from them was ten times more thrilling than the most expert blow-job. I did not have sex with them, but I surfed with them, drank with them, baked clams together, fell asleep side by side in motel rooms,—who wants a blow job?"

"Millions of American boys, thank heaven."

GAY ROCK QUIZ by Joseph Patton

Identify the following. Time: 4-4. Pencils down . . . NOW!

1) "You can get yourself clean, you can have a good meal, you can do whatever you feel." Who is singing about what?

2) This song told of a small-town boy murdered in a New York alley, the first—and perhaps only—song about queer bashing. What was the boy's name and who sang about him so torturedly?

3) "I'm not the world's most masculine guy," admits the lead singer upon meeting his heart's desire. "I'm not dumb," he says "but I don't understand why she walks like a woman and talks like a man." Why did she do this? What was her name? And what was the very appropriate name of the group who sang about her?

4) Candy "never lost her head even when she was giving head" while Jackie "thought she was James Dean for a day" and Little Joe made everyone "pay and pay." Who were these people? And the song?

5) "You're a nasty schoolboy with nowhere to go, try again tomorrow," says Steely Dan whose "special friend" has brought home his own "amigo." "I'll leave him off near the freeway fumes Dan. "Doesn't he have a home?" The song?

6) Who sang the lyric "My father told me I was crazy to stay; I was gay in New York, I was a fag in L.A."

7) Who was the first rock star to come out publicly as a bisexual. Elton John, David Bowie or David Cassidy?

8) "Let's face it now, let's face it now, let's face it now." The title of the song tells exactly what this punk group is trying to face.

9) Who is Amanda Lear and why is she important?

10) The title of this song will fill in the blank. (Hint: it was sung by Steely Dan): "Turn the light off, keep your shirt on, oh Michael, oh Jesus, I'll keep my promise when you_____."

ANSWERS: 1) The Village People are rejoicing over the "YMCA" (singing about "Lola" a brown voiced transsexual); 2) Candy Darling, Jackie Curtis and nude-model Joe Delmasandro were Warhol Superstars, remembered in the Lou Reed song, "Walk on the Wild Side"; 3) "Caucus"; 4) Mack Jagger; 5) David Bowie; 6) "The Boy Can't Make It with Girls"; 7) Amanda Lear is the first sex-change to become a disco star (in Europe); 8) "Turn that Heartbeat Over"; 9) "Make It with Girls"; 10) "Turn that Heartbeat Over."

SCORING:

• One to three right answers: TERRIBLE—You will be spanked severely.

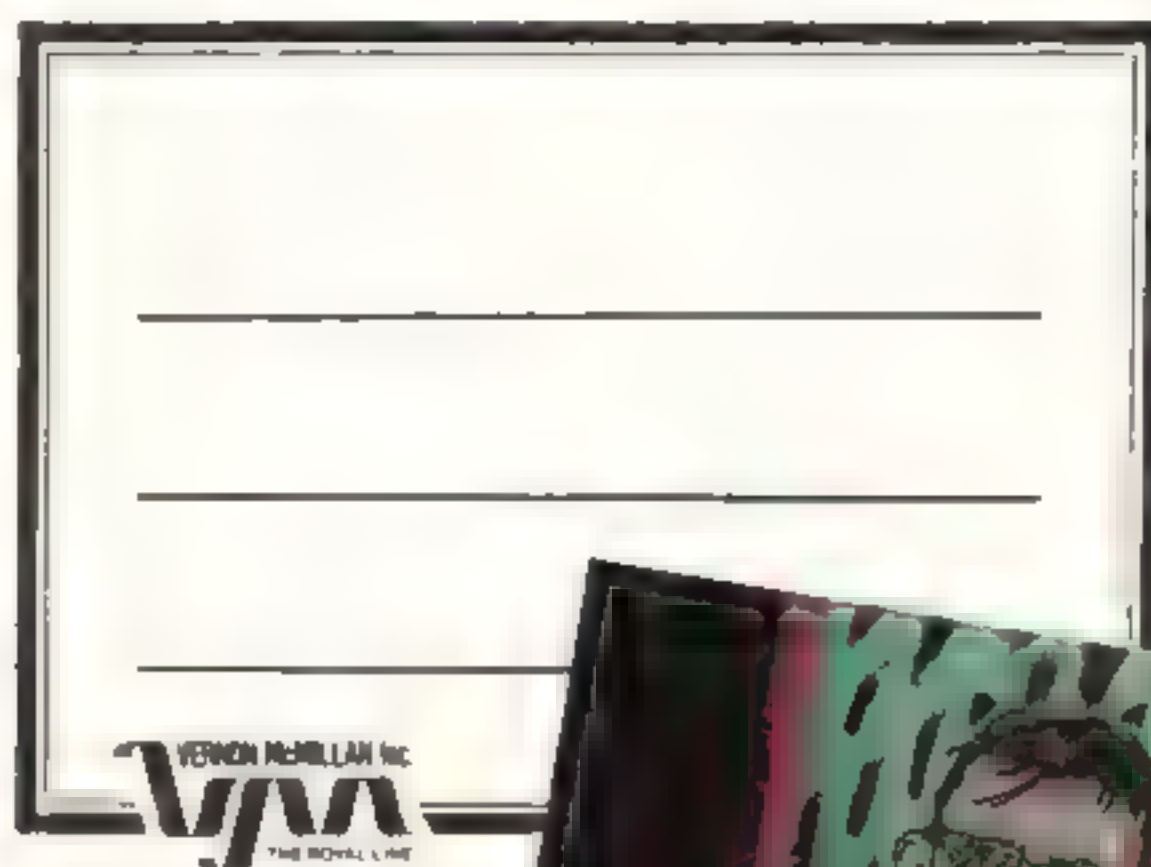
• Four to Eight right answers: MEDIOCRE—Study Hall for a week.

• Nine to Ten right answers: EXCELLENT—You will be spanked severely.

ANSWERS: 1) *Butley*, Simon Gray; 2) *Myra Breckinridge*, Gore Vidal; 3) *Dancer from the Dance*, Andrew Holleran; 4) *Noise and the World of Reason*, Tennessee Williams; 5) *The Sexual Quilts*, John Rechy; 6) *Gaywick*, Vincent Virga; 7) *States of Desire*, Edmund White; 8) *Dancer from the Dance*, Andrew Holleran; 9) *It had the Butler Sun*, Joe Orion; 10) *Dancer from the Dance*, Andrew Holleran.

kid! Caught with your pants down again, huh, sitting in the boys room smoking bananas and listening to the Human Sexual Response's new album on your walkman headset. You twisted little Waver! Stay after school! We're gonna quiz you and multiple-choice you and fill-in-the-blankety-blank you!

SCHOOL SERVICE CO.
\$1 95



Art

MATCH THE DICKS

Match each of the four faces shown here with that person's real-life weenie.



JOE WEENBACK
1818ENBACH

D J GARRETT

3

4

2

1



C

B

D



A

DICKS
1) C 2) A 3) B 4) D

Logic

MATCH THE ASSES

Match each of the four faces shown here with that person's real-life heimie.



TOM JONES

4



3



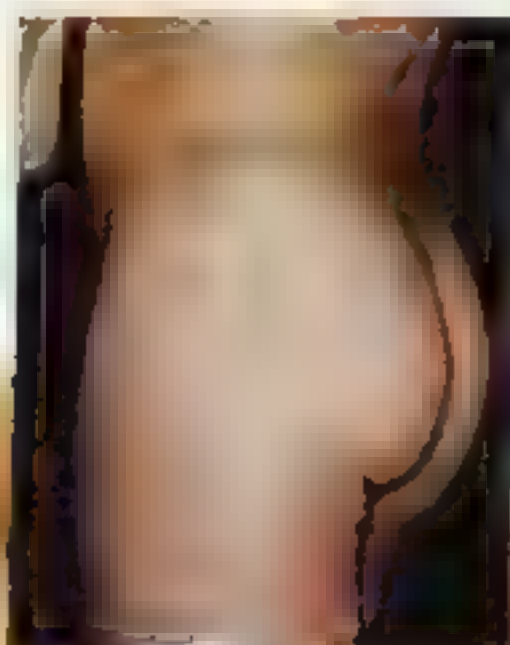
ROGER MARGALON

2

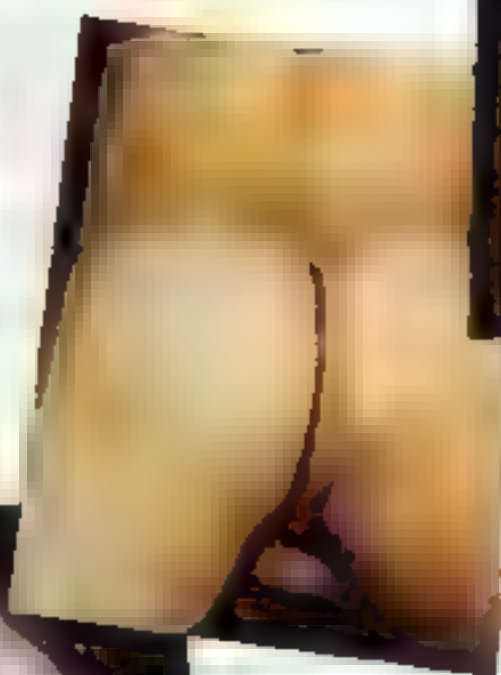


JOE TREMBACK

1



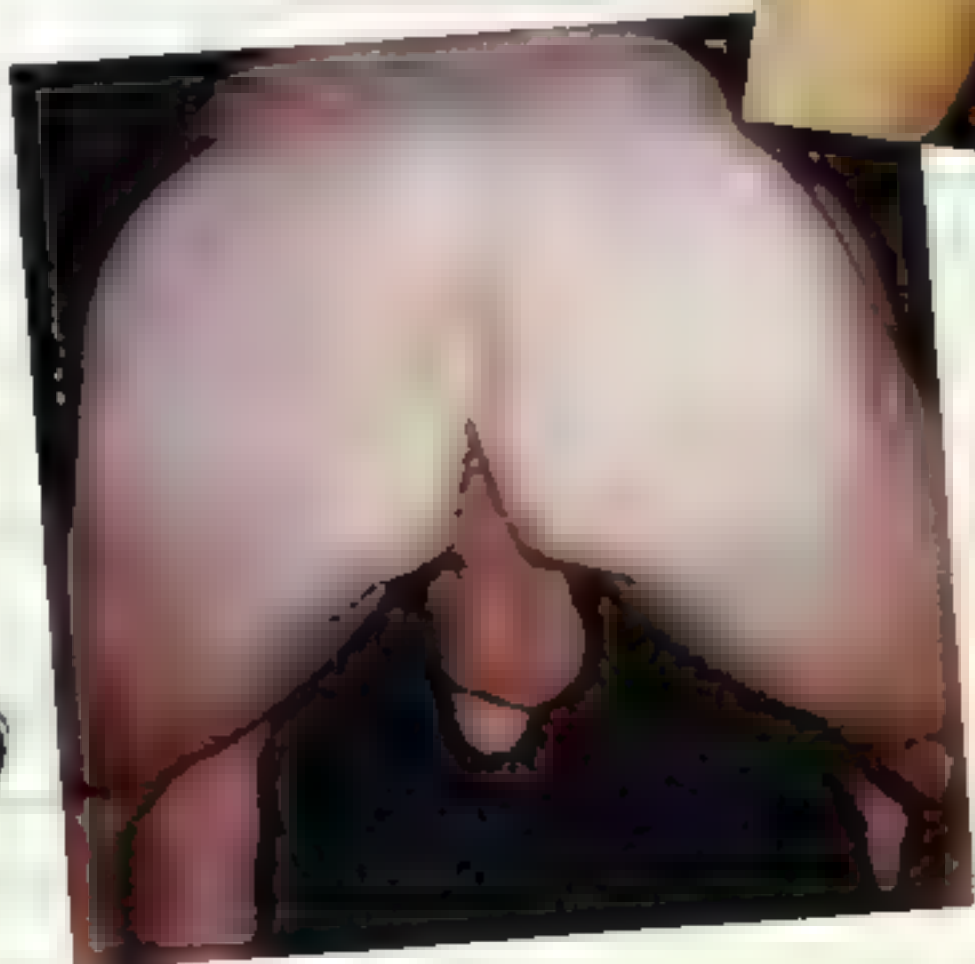
C



B



D



A

1) D 2) B 3) A 4) C

ASSES

ATTACK OF THE 50 FT WOMAN



MOVIES

COPY QUIZ by Jerry Mills

Match ad copy to the correct movie. Time: 10 minutes
Pencils down ... NOW!

1) "TAYLOR BURTON
Together they devoured life."

2) "Rita ... in 3-D!"

3) "Is giving pleasure a crime?"

4) "That 'Streetcar' man has a
new desire."

5) "Talk all you want about the
man and the woman *but please
don't talk about the girl!*"

6) "Beware the eyes that
paralyze."

7) "She had a lot of problems."

8) "Sister, sister, oh so fair
why is there blood all over your
hair?"

9) "Any similarity between any
person living or dead and the
characters portrayed in this film
is incidental and not intended."

10) "Just when you thought
movies were getting to be a
drag."

11) "Gently, almost reverently,
her full red lips closed around the
rim of hell! Sip by sip and sip by
sip, she hit the depths! This story

was filmed on location ... inside
a woman's soul!"

12) "Audrey's Hep!"

13) "From the moment they met,
it was murder."

14) "It's that 'Go-Go' guy and
that 'Bye-Bye' gal in the fun
capital of the world!"

15) "Just because you didn't like
her last film, that's no reason to
kill her!"

16) "Diana Ross & Billy
Holiday."

17) "Coffy ... and she'll cream
ya!"

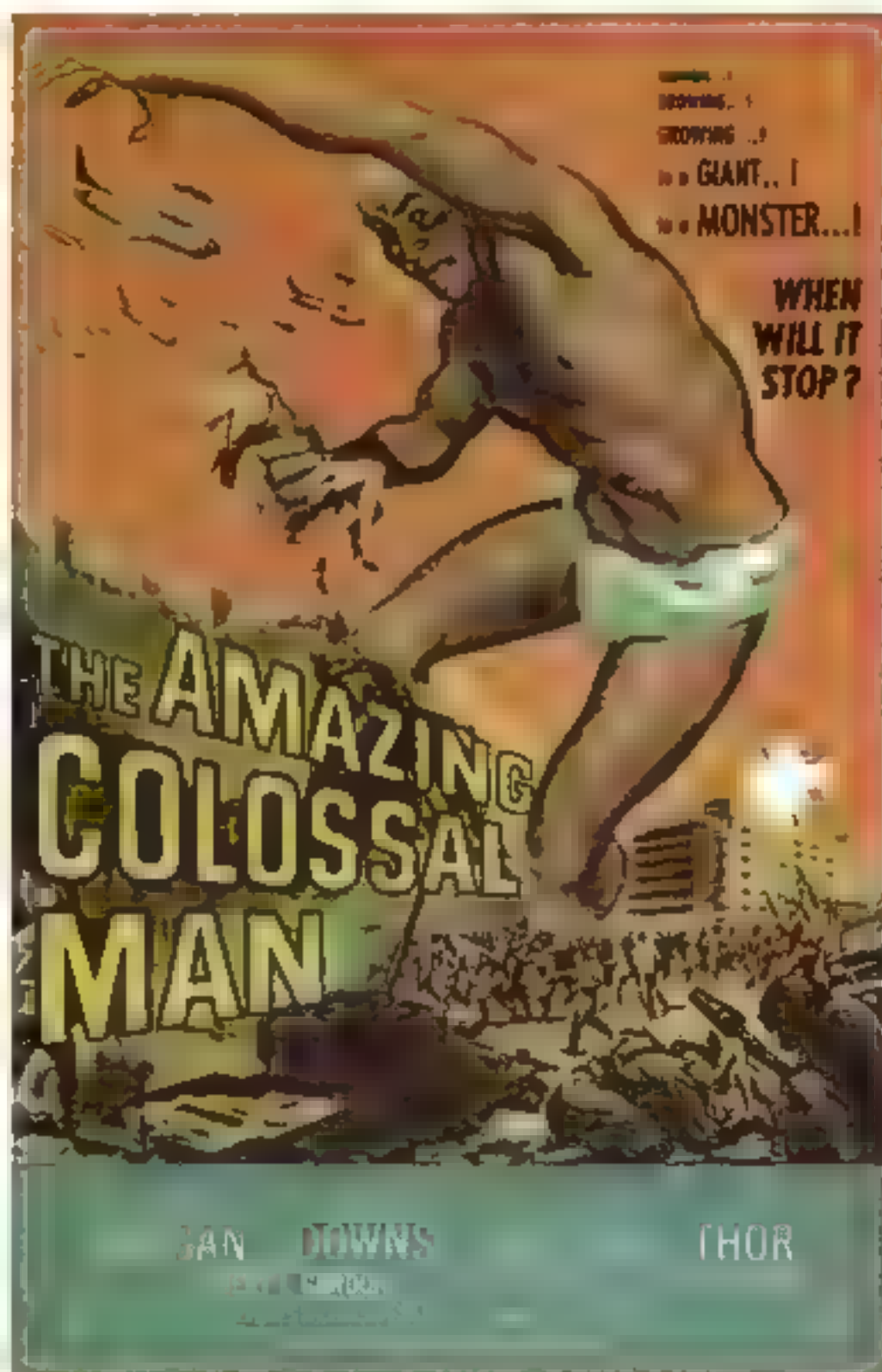
18) "Send in the crowds. Send in
the crowds."

19) "Beauty and terror meet in
your seat."

20) "In his search for a mur-
derer, he's losing himself."

- A) *Funny Face*
- B) *The Murmur Crack'd*
- C) *Crusing*
- D) *Female Trouble*
- E) *Coffy*
- F) *Miss Sadie Thompson*
- G) *Double Indemnity*
- H) *Boom!*
- I) *House of Wax* (in 3-D)
- J) *American Gigolo*
- K) *I'll Cry Tomorrow*
- L) *The Bad Seed*
- M) *The Valley of the Dolls*
- N) *The Village of the Damned*
- O) *A Little Night Music*
- P) *The Wild One*
- Q) *Viva Las Vegas*
- R) *La Cage Aux Folles II*
- S) *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?*
- T) *Lady Sings the Blues*

ANSWERS: 1) H 2) F 3) J 4)
P 5) L 6) N 7) D 8) S 9) M 10)
R 11) K 12) A 13) G 14) Q 15)
B 16) T 17) E 18) O 19) I 20) C



Biology

IN TOUCH SEX POLL

105 Hard Ones! It's none of our business, but we're asking anyway.

Check whatever boxes you feel are appropriate. Poll results will be published in a future issue of IN TOUCH. We don't want your name, so be ruthlessly honest.

- 1) I am a ☐ man ☐ woman ☐ transsexual in progress.
- 2) I consider myself to be ☐ gay, ☐ bisexual ☐ straight
- 3) I have had all-the-way sex with a member of my own sex at least once. ☐ Yes, ☐ No
- 4) I have done this recently ☐ Yes, ☐ No
- 5) I liked it. ☐ Yes, ☐ No
- 6) I have had all-the-way sex with a member of the opposite sex at least once. ☐ Yes ☐ No
- 7) I have done this recently ☐ Yes, ☐ No
- 8) I liked it. ☐ Yes, ☐ No.
- 9) In sexual situations, I consider myself to be ☐ aggressive, ☐ willing, ☐ reluctant, ☐ passive
- 10) My sex partners are usually ☐ aggressive, ☐ willing ☐ reluctant, ☐ passive
- 11) Physically, on a scale from 1 to 10, I consider myself to be a _____
- 12) My sex partners are usually ☐ better looking than I am ☐ as goodlooking as I am, ☐ not as goodlooking as I am
- 13) In bed, most of my sex partners have been ☐ great ☐ good, ☐ fair, ☐ poor
- 14) I consider myself to be ☐ very masculine ☐ masculine, ☐ slightly feminine, ☐ very feminine
- 15) I usually prefer sex partners who are ☐ very masculine, ☐ masculine, ☐ feminine ☐ very feminine, ☐ No preference
- 16) I usually prefer sex partners who are ☐ older than I am about my own age ☐ younger than I am, ☐ No preference
- 17) I usually prefer sex partners who are ☐ dominating, ☐ easily dominated, ☐ No preference.
- 18) I usually prefer sex partners who are ☐ very different from me, ☐ very similar to me, ☐ No preference
- 19) I prefer sex partners who are ☐ circumcised, ☐ uncircumcised ☐ No preference.
- 20) I am ☐ circumcised, ☐ uncircumcised.
- 21) I prefer sex partners who are ☐ of my own race, ☐ of another race, ☐ No preference
- 22) I prefer sex partners with hair that is ☐ blond, ☐ brown, ☐ black ☐ grey, ☐ bald, ☐ No preference.
- 23) My hair is ☐ blond ☐ brown, ☐ black, ☐ red ☐ grey, ☐ bald.
- 24) I prefer sex partners who are ☐ hairy, ☐ smooth skinned, ☐ No preference
- 25) I am ☐ hairy ☐ smooth skinned
- 26) I prefer sex partners with ☐ huge cocks, ☐ big cocks ☐ average cocks, ☐ small cocks, ☐ tiny cocks, ☐ No preference
- 27) I have a ☐ huge cock ☐ big cock ☐ average cock ☐ small cock ☐ tiny cock
- 28) I prefer sex partners who are ☐ heavier than I, ☐ thinner than I, ☐ about my size ☐ No preference
- 29) I am ☐ heavy, ☐ thin, ☐ neither
- 30) I prefer sex partners who are ☐ fat, ☐ very muscular trim, ☐ thin, ☐ No preference
- 31) I am ☐ fat, ☐ very muscular, ☐ trim, ☐ thin
- 32) I usually have sex with ☐ a lover and we are monogamous, ☐ a lover but he fools around, ☐ a lover but I fool around, ☐ a lover but we both fool around ☐ one steady boyfriend ☐ several steady boyfriends ☐ a lot of my friends, ☐ a lot of acquaintances ☐ strangers who sometimes become my friends, ☐ strangers who rarely become my friends, ☐ none of the above
- 33) During most of my adult life, I have been ☐ monogamous ☐ promiscuous, ☐ neither
- 34) I prefer to be ☐ monogamous, ☐ promiscuous, ☐ neither, ☐ No preference
- 35) I am legally, heterosexually married ☐ Yes, ☐ No.
- 36) I usually masturbate ☐ alone, ☐ with a partner.
- 37) I usually masturbate ☐ in private, ☐ in public, ☐ both
- 38) I usually find masturbation wonderful, ☐ satisfactory ☐ unsatisfactory, ☐ terrible
- 39) I usually find masturbation to be ☐ a poor substitute for sex with a partner, ☐ just as good as sex with a partner ☐ better than sex with a partner
- 40) I usually feel guilty after masturbating. ☐ Yes, ☐ No
- 41) My masturbation fantasies are usually similar to things I would do in real life, given the opportunity. ☐ Yes ☐ No
- 42) I usually masturbate ☐ while looking at pictures (in magazines, on TV, etc.) ☐ while looking at real people ☐ while looking at nothing in particular, ☐ with my eyes closed, ☐ none of the above
- 43) I frequently masturbate while looking at the pictures in IN TOUCH ☐ Yes ☐ No
- 44) I frequently masturbate while reading stories and articles in IN TOUCH ☐ Yes, ☐ No
- 45) I like ☐ almost all of the IN TOUCH models, ☐ most of them, ☐ half of them, ☐ a few of them, ☐ almost none of them
- 46) I get a hard-on looking at almost all of them ☐ most ☐ half, ☐ a few ☐ almost none
- 47) I have an orgasm looking at ☐ almost all of them ☐ most, ☐ half, ☐ a few ☐ almost none
- 48) I usually masturbate ☐ several times daily ☐ daily ☐ several times weekly, ☐ weekly, ☐ several times monthly ☐ monthly, ☐ several times yearly ☐ once a year or less
- 49) I usually have sex with a partner ☐ several times daily ☐ daily, ☐ several times weekly, ☐ weekly ☐ several times monthly, ☐ monthly ☐ several times yearly ☐ once a year or less
- 50) I would prefer to have sex with a partner ☐ several times daily, ☐ daily, ☐ several times weekly, ☐ weekly ☐ several times monthly ☐ monthly ☐ several times yearly ☐ once a year or less.
- 51) My sex life is ☐ great ☐ good, ☐ fair, ☐ poor
- 52) I would have sex more often if more people found me attractive. ☐ Yes, ☐ No
- 53) I would have sex more often if I found more attractive people ☐ Yes, ☐ No.
- 54) In my lifetime, I have had sex with ☐ one person ☐ two people, ☐ three people, ☐ a few people ☐ several people, ☐ many people, ☐ dozens of people, ☐ hundreds of people ☐ more people than I can possibly remember, ☐ nobody ever
- 55) I am ☐ under 18 years old, ☐ 18 to 15, ☐ 26 to 30, ☐ 31 to 35 ☐ 36 to 40, ☐ 41 to 45 ☐ 46 to 50, ☐ 51 to 55.



- ☐ 56 to 60. ☐ 61 to 65. ☐ 66 to 70. ☐ over 70 years old.
- 56) I had my first homosexual experience at the age of _____
- 57) I enjoyed it. ☐ Yes ☐ No
☐ Sort of
- 58) I have had sex in ☐ sex clubs. ☐ public bathrooms. ☐ showers or locker rooms. ☐ public buildings while unobserved. ☐ public buildings while observed. ☐ public outdoor places while unobserved. ☐ public outdoor places while observed
- 59) I would like to have sex in ☐ sex clubs. ☐ public bathrooms. ☐ showers or locker rooms. ☐ public buildings while unobserved. ☐ public buildings while observed. ☐ public outdoor places while unobserved. ☐ public outdoor places while observed
- 60) I like to have sex under dangerous circumstances. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 61) I frequently have sex under dangerous circumstances. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 62) I like to masturbate while driving a car. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 63) I frequently masturbate while driving a car. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 64) I like to go to sex clubs. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 65) I frequently go to sex clubs. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 66) I like to be watched masturbating. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 67) I am frequently watched masturbating. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 68) I like to be watched having sex with a partner. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 69) I am frequently watched having sex with a partner. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 70) I frequently watch others masturbate. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 71) I frequently watch others have sex with a partner. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 72) I like to have sex with two other people at once. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 73) I frequently have sex with two other people at once. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 74) I like to have sex with several people at once. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 75) I frequently have sex with several people at once. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 76) I like to have sex with large numbers of people at once. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 77) I frequently have sex with

- large numbers of people at once. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 78) I would enjoy having sex with a woman, with a man observing. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 79) I would enjoy having sex with a man, with a woman observing. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 80) I like to have sex in ☐ brightly-lit places. ☐ dimly-lit places. ☐ darkness.
- 81) I usually have sex with the same person. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 82) I usually have sex with the same type of person. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 83) I usually have sex in the same place. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 84) I usually have sex under the same general circumstances. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 85) I usually have sex in the same general manner. ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 86) I am usually ☐ a top. ☐ a bottom. ☐ versatile.
- 87) I love to suck cock. ☐ Yes. ☐ No. ☐ It's okay.
- 88) I love to have my cock sucked. ☐ Yes. ☐ No. ☐ It's okay.
- 89) I love to fuck ass. ☐ Yes. ☐ No. ☐ It's okay.
- 90) I love to have my ass fucked. ☐ Yes. ☐ No. ☐ It's okay.
- 91) CHECK AS MANY AS YOU LIKE. I especially enjoy ☐ masturbating alone. ☐ masturbating with others. ☐ exhibitionism. ☐ voyeurism. ☐ oral sex. ☐ anal sex. ☐ fist-fucking. ☐ bondage. ☐ discipline. ☐ light S&M. ☐ heavy S&M. ☐ water sports (urine). ☐ scat (feces). ☐ bestiality (sex with animals). ☐ piercing. ☐ shaving. ☐ gloryholes. ☐ seducing "straight" people.
- 92) I especially dislike ☐ masturbating alone. ☐ masturbating with others. ☐ exhibitionism. ☐ voyeurism. ☐ oral sex. ☐ anal sex. ☐ fist-fucking. ☐ bondage. ☐ discipline. ☐ light S&M. ☐ heavy S&M. ☐ water sports (urine). ☐ scat (feces). ☐ bestiality (sex with animals). ☐ piercing. ☐ shaving. ☐ gloryholes. ☐ seducing "straight" people.
- 93) CHECK AS MANY AS YOU LIKE. I am especially turned on by ☐ Levis. ☐ leather. ☐ rubber. ☐ athletic clothes. ☐ jock straps. ☐ swim suits. ☐ jockey shorts. ☐ boxer

- shorts. ☐ no shorts. ☐ cockrings. ☐ boots. ☐ police uniforms. ☐ military uniforms. ☐ other uniforms. ☐ tattoos. ☐ torn clothing. ☐ women's clothing.
- 94) CHECK AS MANY AS YOU LIKE. I am especially turned off by ☐ Levis. ☐ leather. ☐ rubber. ☐ athletic clothes. ☐ jock straps. ☐ swim suits. ☐ jockey shorts. ☐ boxer shorts. ☐ no shorts. ☐ cockrings. ☐ boots. ☐ police uniforms. ☐ military uniforms. ☐ other uniforms. ☐ tattoos. ☐ torn clothing. ☐ women's clothing.
- 95) CHECK AS MANY AS YOU LIKE. I am especially turned on by attractive ☐ faces. ☐ eyes. ☐ lips. ☐ noses. ☐ ears. ☐ jaws. ☐ heads of hair or bald pate. ☐ moustaches. ☐ beards. ☐ necks. ☐ shoulders. ☐ armpits. ☐ arms. ☐ hands. ☐ chests. ☐ nipples. ☐ stomachs. ☐ backs. ☐ crotches. ☐ cocks. ☐ balls. ☐ asses. ☐ thighs. ☐ legs. ☐ calves. ☐ feet. ☐ other.
- 96) CHECK JUST ONE. The very sexiest part of a man is his ☐ face. ☐ eyes. ☐ lips. ☐ nose. ☐ ears. ☐ jaw. ☐ hair or bald pate. ☐ moustache. ☐ beard. ☐ neck. ☐ shoulders. ☐ armpits. ☐ arms. ☐ hands. ☐ chest. ☐ nipples. ☐ stomach. ☐ back. ☐ crotch. ☐ cock. ☐ balls. ☐ ass. ☐ thighs. ☐ legs. ☐ calves. ☐ feet. ☐ other.
- 97) CHECK JUST ONE. The most important thing in choosing a sex partner is his ☐ face. ☐ body. ☐ cock. ☐ ass. ☐ overall physical appearance. ☐ personality. ☐ sexual skill. ☐ availability.
- 98) CHECK AS MANY AS YOU LIKE. During sex, I frequently use ☐ poppers (amyl nitrate, etc.). ☐ marijuana. ☐ quaaludes. ☐ other downers. ☐ cocaine. ☐ other uppers. ☐ LSD. ☐ other psychedelics. ☐ dildoes or internal vibrators. ☐ other internal toys. ☐ inflatables or external vibrators. ☐ other external toys. ☐ a cockring. ☐ prophylactics. ☐ lubricants. ☐ a sling. ☐ leather clothing. ☐ other leather devices. ☐ rubber clothing. ☐ other rubber devices.

- ☐ some type of clothing other than leather or rubber.
- 99) I like dirty talk during sex. ☐ Yes. ☐ No. ☐ Once in a while.
- 100) I like to act out roles during sex. ☐ Yes. ☐ No. ☐ Once in a while.
- 101) I consider myself kinky. ☐ Yes. ☐ No. ☐ Once in a while.
- 102) I check out most men's baskets as I walk down the street. ☐ Yes. ☐ No. ☐ Once in a while.
- 103) CHECK AS MANY AS YOU LIKE. I'm just crazy about ☐ my mother. ☐ Judy Garland. ☐ Marilyn Monroe. ☐ Bette Davis. ☐ Miss Piggy. ☐ Donna Summer. ☐ Barbra Streisand. ☐ Diana Ross. ☐ Steve Reeves. ☐ Chris Atkins. ☐ Broadway musicals. ☐ Tennessee Williams plays. ☐ opera. ☐ ballet. ☐ art. ☐ Michelangelo's statue of David. ☐ interior decorating. ☐ hardwood floors with oriental rugs and plants. ☐ tight pants with no underwear. ☐ baggy pants with no underwear. ☐ anything in pants. ☐ sex. ☐ questionnaires. ☐ IN TOUCH.
- 104) CHECK AS MANY AS YOU LIKE. I can't stand ☐ my mother. ☐ Judy Garland. ☐ Marilyn Monroe. ☐ Bette Davis. ☐ Miss Piggy. ☐ Donna Summer. ☐ Barbra Streisand. ☐ Diana Ross. ☐ Steve Reeves. ☐ Chris Atkins. ☐ Broadway musicals. ☐ Tennessee Williams plays. ☐ opera. ☐ ballet. ☐ art. ☐ Michelangelo's statue of David. ☐ interior decorating. ☐ hardwood floors with oriental rugs and plants. ☐ tight pants with no underwear. ☐ baggy pants with no underwear. ☐ anything in pants. ☐ sex. ☐ questionnaires. ☐ IN TOUCH.
- 105) ESSAY QUESTION. What was my most bizarre sex experience?
- _____
- _____
- _____

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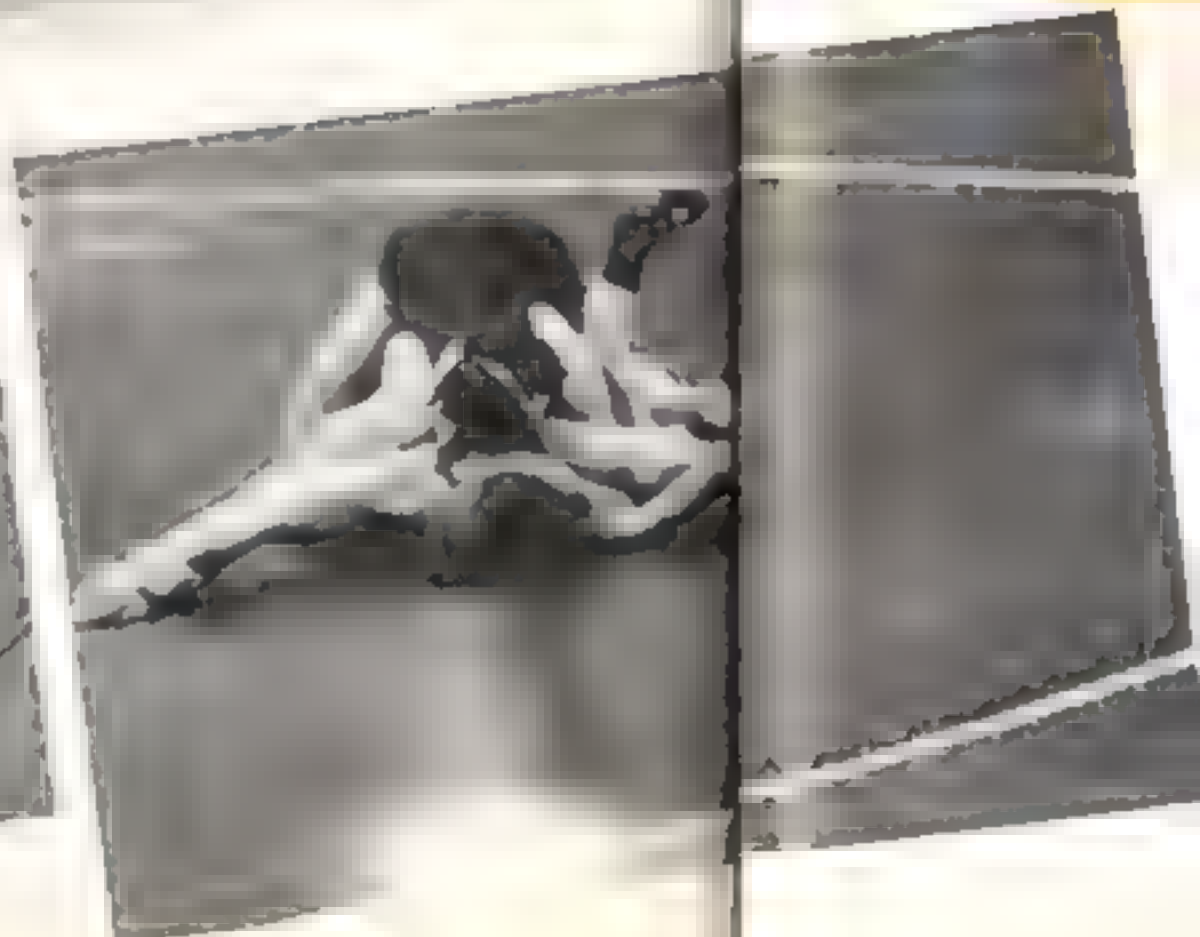


*Text by Bill Sufleski
Photos by Gene Sprague*





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The Greeks had a statue for it. The statue, I believe, is now in the Jiffy Gallery. It is a study in dynamic harmony: two perfectly proportioned men locked in a finely-knotted struggle for the dominant position. Wrestling is the classic struggle of the jungle raised to the level of civilized life, that is, symbolized, sanitized and streamlined into the form of a game. Centuries have bred out the ugly violence and damage of the primal contest; what remains—especially in high-school, collegiate and Olympic wrestling—is a form of beauty that some would call pure.

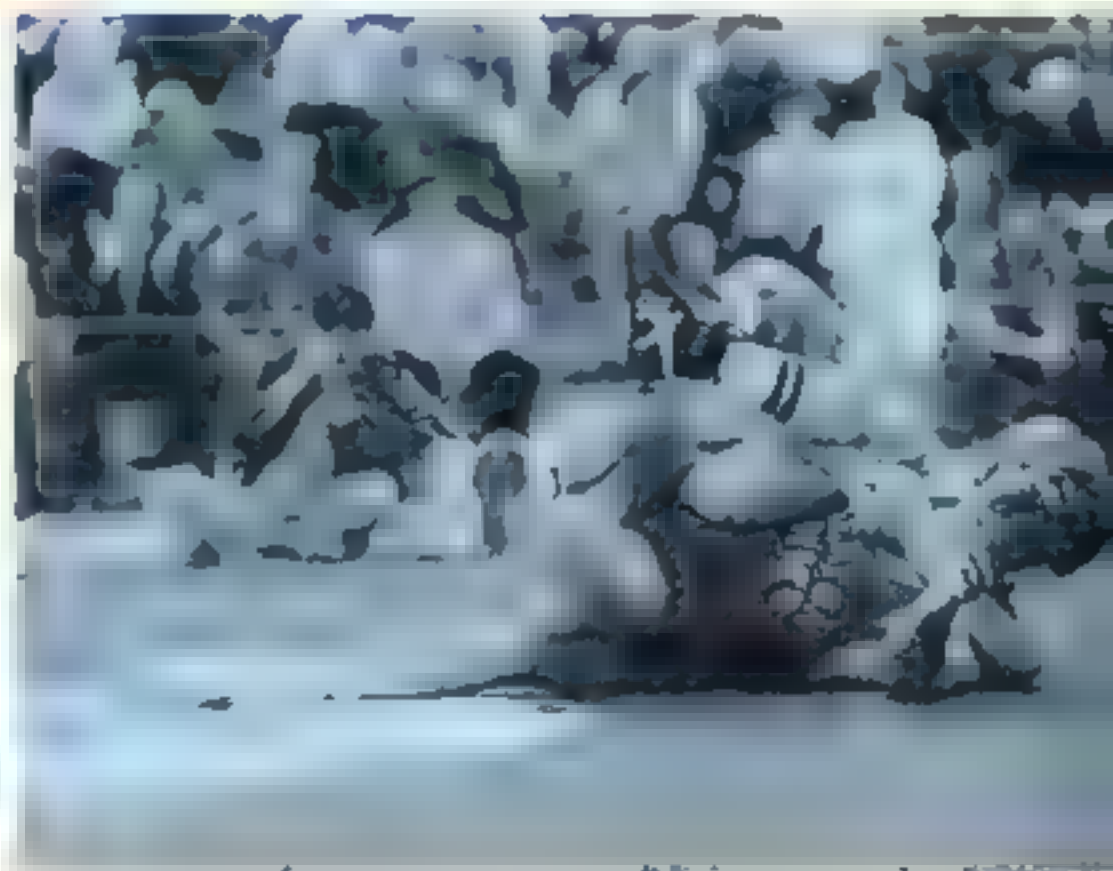
The essence of the sport is that it be a match between two men of equivalent size, weight, training and musculature. The match is purposely short. This is so the emphasis will fall not on endurance (as in boxing), but on the intense expenditure of energy through the matched muscle systems. The object of all these philosophical knot-like holds is to pin your opponent.

And yet was hands-on conquest ever rendered so beautiful and—dare we say it—delicate? The rules, the holds, the formations are brilliantly harmonic, more akin to ballet than boxing (which really is a slugging out for blood survival). In wrestling after a series of self-evidently beautiful flips and sprawls, the match always goes to the man with the best coordination, the man who thinks with his body. And here begins, the seductive mystery of a sport which is as direct as nakedness and as simple as the singlet, the wrestler's one-piece uniform which clearly outlines his beefy-boy behind, packed rock and occasional peek a boo nipple.



Wrestlers enjoy the touch of other men. This is so obvious from the nature of the sport that even jocks would not find it a controversial statement. In fact, erections during wrestling are common—as anyone knows who watches Wide World of Sports. They are especially common among high-school wrestlers and spontaneous ejaculations are not unheard of even at college meets. The first thing a man who wrestles learns is not to fear the touch, the feel or the hold of another man. In holds requiring the wrestler to grasp the powerful butt muscles of his opponent, he must go for it fully with all the muscles in his hand and forearm. Those who find it unpleasant to have their heads locked within the steel vise of muscled thighs, with a pubic pouch weighing down on them, don't last in the sport very long. Thus, the wrestler is sensitized to the body of another man in a very special way. When the wrestler is straight, he becomes initiated into a catacomb of sensory knowledge that usually only homosexuals know. If we can believe Garp, the wrestler hero of *The World According to Garp*, a straight wrestler can even develop quite an enlightened worldview from that vantage point—down on the mat between a man's legs.

Wrestlers taste the sweat of other men. They know the texture of the tiny hairs that cover the back of a man's thigh. They gauge automatically—and not always subliminally—how much their opponent is carrying in his jock, how well he can drive it and how well he can take it. Wrestlers get as close to each other as possible in a public place without engaging in oral or anal coitus. The Greeks, perhaps, knew well that the true goal of the match was the act it fell just short of. One imagines in the evolution of the sport there was an earlier point at which the final act of dominance was either to strangle the trounced competitor or make violent, penetrating love to him, forcing him to swallow the serpent's tail so to speak and to know through this completed harmony a glimpse of the naked truths whose form Plato said most men only saw the shadows of.





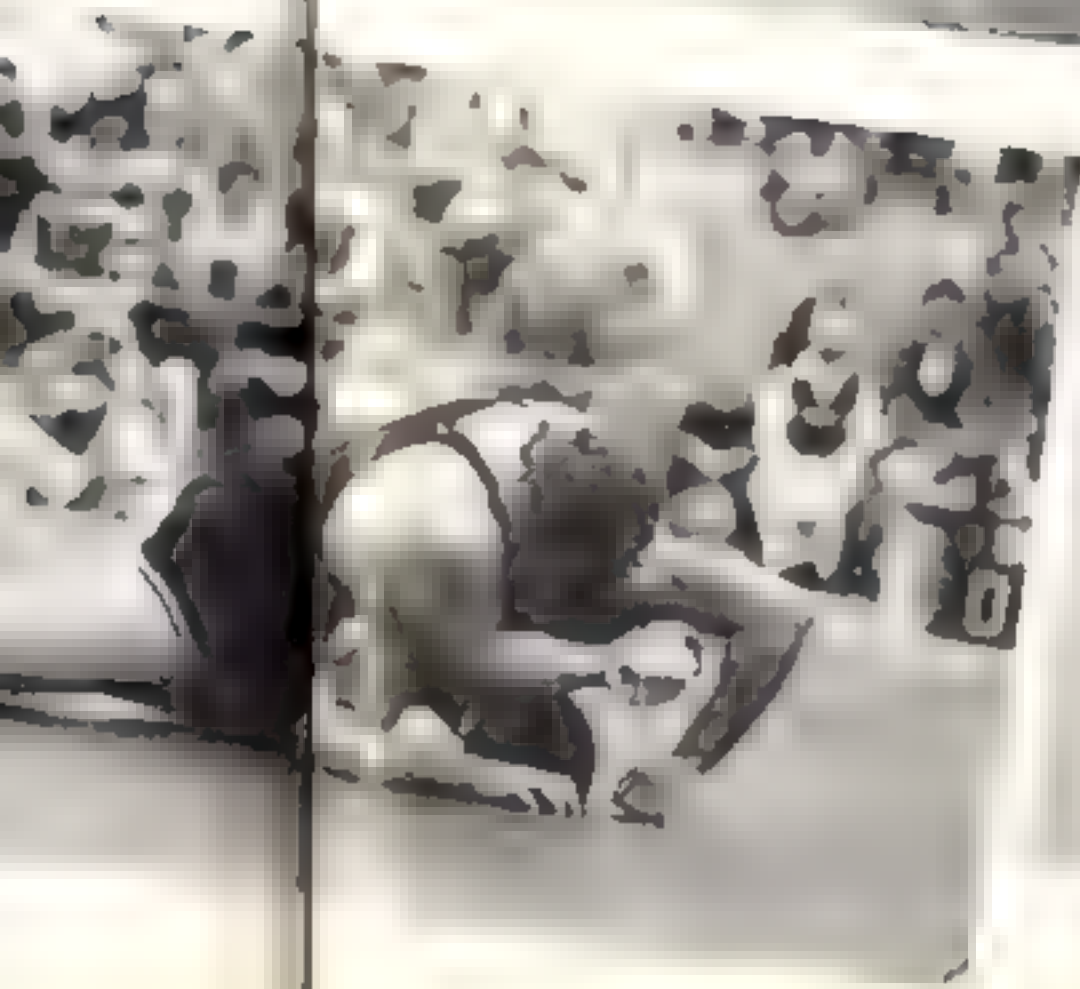


Is it any wonder that the college freshmen in these photos radiate a strange altar boy spirituality? Think of the simian quality of teenage football players. The brute, broken-nosed faces of teenage boxers. And then study the remote, finely cut faces here—as other-worldly as seminary students' faces that reflect the spiritual gratification of being initiated into a world the world does not see—or in this case, does not identify as such—the world of male eroticism.

Unlike the college quarterback who leaves school to become an airline structural engineer or a telephone-company exec, unlike the college basketball player who ends up selling cars or insurance, the wrestler is more apt to become a musician, a lawyer, or a writer or a mathematics teacher. The aesthetics inherent in the sport are not lost on any of the teenage boys who play it.

See the hint of exotic passions burning just behind their eyes, anxious to be fulfilled in that thinly masked love-dance on the competition mat. For many of these boys, wrestling will be an elegant—even somewhat of a traditional—path out of the closet. They will understand with their skin the nobility of the Greeks the way most American boys understand only the sensual banality of the Romans. But even the straight wrestler—though he has no particular climb to make out of any closet—will stand apart, be touched with the elegance and poignancy of having paid obedience at the shrine of a lesser god, before whom some athletes will always bow in reverence for a complex, beautiful thing called male love. ▲





MASTER THESIS

(Continued from page 38)

With a great effort, Conrad turned the young athlete over onto his stomach and positioned him on the bunk to be mounted. Conrad lasciviously felt the small, firm buns, the slender downy legs. On top of the unconscious boy he forced his organ into tight virgin ass.

Lee remained unmoved, unconscious, unaware.

Lee watched as the action of the TV continued. It was apparent that this was not part of regular network programming. The actors were unprofessional, the dialogue stilted, and, in general, the entire show amateurish.

His ass hurt. And he didn't know why. He had had a case of diarrhea (*sorta*). And he didn't know why. The show he was watching was mildly unnerving, slightly upsetting.

Three hooded teenagers were loitering in wait outside of a local bar which Lee knew to be gay. People were going in and out. There was a close-up of a casually dressed young man wearing a black mask, walking down the street, unsuspecting.

A close-up of the three young actors menacing. A split-second flash of a face. Lee sensed it rather than saw it. Three hoods circling the man. Another flash of that face. Lee's face. It imprinted itself on

his subconscious mind.

Confused action. The man in the mask is down. Three youths kicking. Lee's face, full second. Kicking. Lee's face. Blood on the masked-man's face. A boot smashing down onto a masked mannequin head. It shatters. Blank screen for two seconds.

Daylight, a park, teenager walking. Car pulls up to the curb. Two men force the teenager into the car. Lee's face. A syringe. Lee's face. An arm with a hypodermic needle in it. The teenage actor slumps in the seat. Lee's face, asleep. The driver is wearing a black mask.

Twilight, three men carrying a limp body into a mountain cabin. Cut to cell interior. Lee recognizes himself in place of the actor. He watches the three men remove his clothing, realizing that the scene is no longer a dramatic representation—it is his own face, his own body, as seen from the ceiling above the bunk.

Two men leave. The masked man ingers, lewdly fondling Lee's nakedness.

A strong revulsion crept over Lee as he watched the video tape. He felt a strong urge to smash the screen with his fist. Yet a perverse thrill tingled along his spine and into the head of his cock.

Next, he was watching himself awaken, saw himself cross the cell piss, stroke his prick, find the note. The tape proceeded to show his actions—some condensed, some full length—for each day of his captivity. The segment of him mastur-

bating in the shower embarrassed and excited him.

Soon he was watching the masked man showing off his powerful body to the various cameras. Lee found himself fighting down an inexplicable fascination. When the masked man was feeling up his body, then sucking on his limp cock, Lee was filled with mixed emotions: A narcissistic attraction to his own naked body with its fat—if falcid—member, a revulsion at the homosexual contact and an admiration for the massive muscularity of the man in the mask.

He watched himself being turned over.

Camera One recorded the look of fascinated horror that crept over Lee's face the fists he beat into the bunk and the violent obscenities he yelled. Conrad smiled.

"You're paying now, aren't you?" he said to the monitor. "Miserable little punk who likes to go around mugging gays. How does it feel, Lee? Did you enjoy your TV debut?"

Conrad was ecstatic. This was a glorious moment of sweetest revenge, a moment that had cost him \$150,000—not to mention the money necessary for the six cosmetic surgery operations. Two and a half years had passed since that night his face had been smashed in.

The look on Lee's face, the thoughts, the memories that must be going on in his head were the perfect culmination of all Conrad's plans. His cock erupted in a spontaneous joyous ejaculation.

For even the most psychotic, revenge is sometimes satisfying, can exhaust the psychosis. For Conrad, however, it was merely the beginning.

He had been working toward his master's degree in Clinical Psychology two and a half years ago when his studies were suddenly... shattered. Now, in the coming fall, he would resume the program. He would be well ahead of himself, for his master's thesis would be already completed: "Behavior Modification—A Radical Approach. Clinically Controlled Resolution of the Approach/Avoidance Conflict—The Case of Lee X."

Monitor Six was looking down on a hysterical Lee. "No fear," Conrad cooed softly. "Everything will soon be alright. And you will come to love me, to love the one you harmed and the one who is now in the position to do anything he wants to you. All in good time, Lee. All in good time."

Lee was unable to tell how long he had been a prisoner. One month at least, maybe two. Could it be three? He now knew his imprisonment was payment for some stupid mugging he had done years ago. It was also some type of brainwashing. At first he resisted violently. Then he changed his tactics. Make the queer *think* he was turning queer. That was the way, Lee figured, the only way he

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could win this game

Little did he know this was the first tiny erosion in the wall he had erected around his sexual identity. What he and all straight men assume to be their sexual identity an immutable machismo.

Whenever he behaved in a manner pleasing to his unseen, unnamed captor he was rewarded. And now that he had decided to "go along with the game," rewards were frequent. Occasional transgressions were no longer severely punished, thus, all the allure of a rebellious act, now and again, was gone.

Lee's only entertainments were X-rated gay movies on the TV and gay magazines under his tray. That which disgusted or infuriated him months ago now pleased him. Sometimes he even fantasized about sex with his captor, wondering what it would be like with that beautiful, muscular body over him, how the man looked without the mask.

One afternoon Conrad discovered the hamburger had spoiled. He had intended it for Lee's spaghetti sauce and now would have to drive into town. But then he got an idea: prepare the sauce with the spoiled meat and disguise the taste with plenty of garlic. Under the tray he'd place a girlie magazine and a note assuring that there would be no electric shock. What a positively beautiful idea! Lee would get sick from the sauce—not enough to really hurt, just enough to make him feel uncomfortable. The subconscious mind would come to an inevitable conclusion: heterosexuality makes you sick! It seemed so unscientific to have just stumbled across such a genius idea. It bothered him so much that as he made out his journal notes he pretended the idea had been pre-conceived, that it had germinated naturally from the Behavior Modification school of thought.

Conrad realized that he was out of type-writer ribbon and would have to go to town anyway. He sent the dumbwaiter down with the nasty spaghetti and quickly left. Driving down the serpentine mountain road, Conrad was quite pleased with himself. Soon he would begin the dynamic phase of the conditioning. Slowly he

would reveal himself to Lee and make him love him. It would not take long. And then the real revenge would begin.

The sun was going down with a beautiful red sky following it. Conrad could see that the impetuous moon was already out even though it stood in the daylight half of the sky. Later, he had been troubled by the... well, *legality* of his thesis. It would make his reputation, he was absolutely certain, and it would advance human thought, definitely and absolutely, but... how would he account for the willingness of his subject? Federal law had established safeguards for research experiments involving human subjects. He knew the validity of his findings would not be questioned—would, in fact, be praised from one end of the world to the other (he gave the car a little gas in his delight and sped down the road)—but how to explain the voluntary participation of a teenager in a program that would radically alter his sexual

Conrad was lost in thought when the car missed the curve and plunged down the steep grade. It crunched as it landed upside down, tumbling down the hill. Conrad worked the handle but the door wouldn't open, then it did and he pushed his way out but his right leg was caught and he needed another effort to break free, ripping his leg and making it bleed before he was entirely free of the car and jumping out its side into the air.

The car collided into a power pole, snapping the pole in half with great white sparks and lines flinging, catching Conrad with one of its crackling tentacles and electrocuting him definitely and absolutely.

When the power failed, Lee was watching a new cassette on the TV set. It was an actor he had seen a few times before and kind of liked. His stomach had been bothering him ever since lunch and he wondered if he should ask his unseen captor for some Pepto Bismol. No, his friend was probably checking the fuses at that very moment. *Friend*. Funny how he had come to think of his captor as a friend. He commonly fantasized about him in bed now and jerked off to where he imagined the cameras must be. He really wanted to make some sort of human contact; his janitor had reduced him to a sort of pleasurable infancy, providing for everything, shielding him from all problems.

Boy, his stomach was really growling. Ever since he read that girlie magazine. Good thing he hadn't eaten any spaghetti. That heavy meat sauce would really have sickened him.

Laying down on the bunk, he thought again about the magnificent, muscular body of the masked man who took such good care of him. He decided he would tell him of his desire. What the hell, why not? He wanted him, wanted him bad. Yes, he would tell him. Just as soon as the lights came back on.

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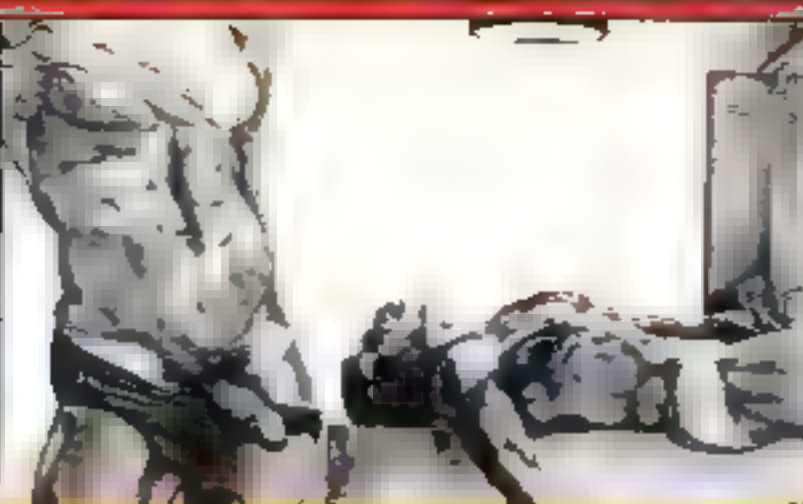


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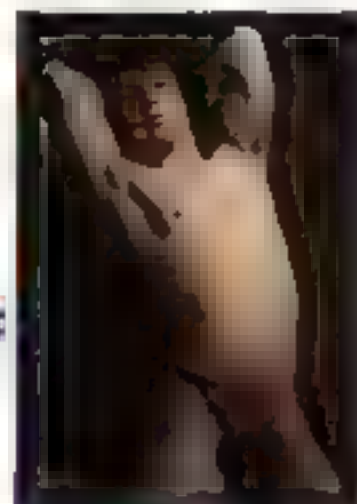
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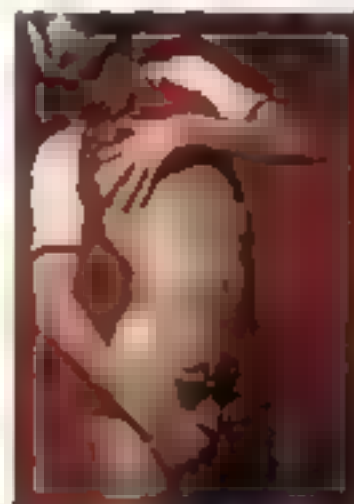
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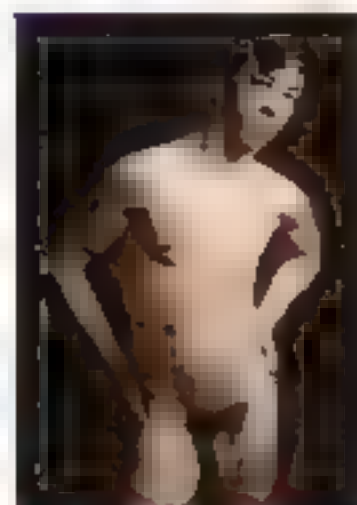
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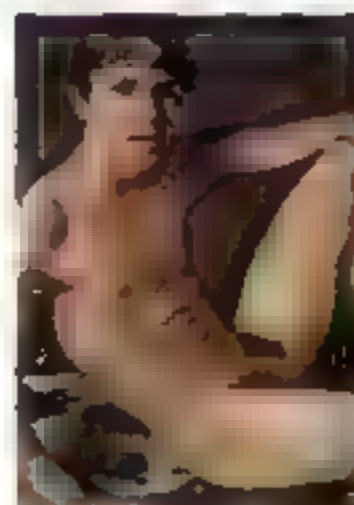
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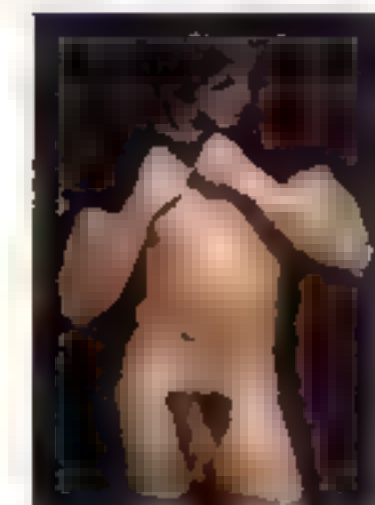
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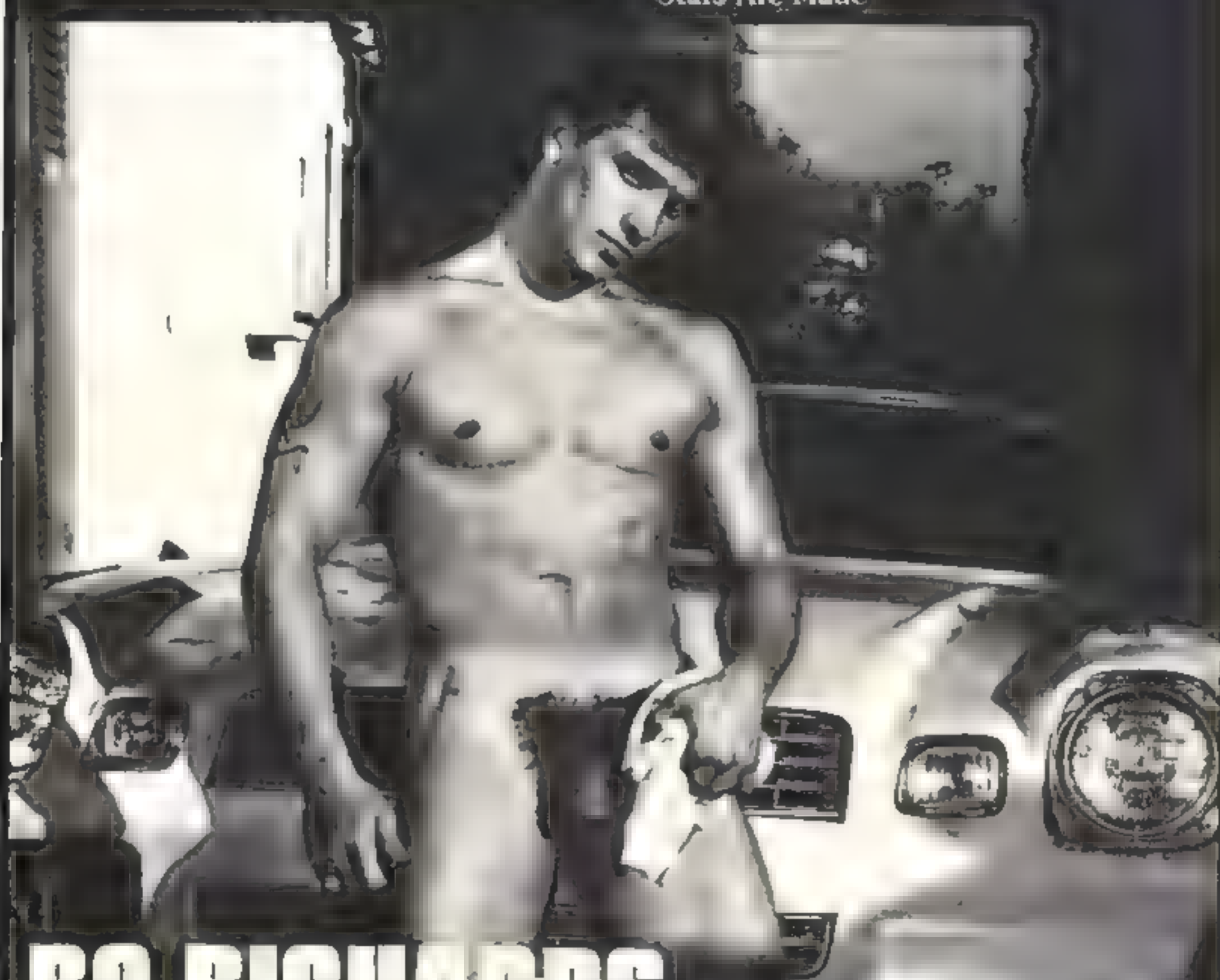


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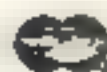
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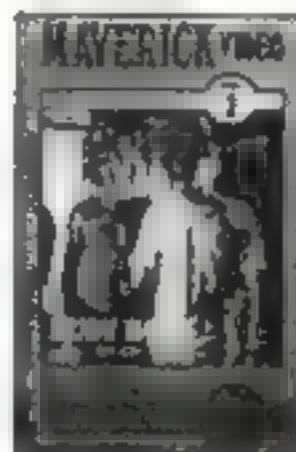
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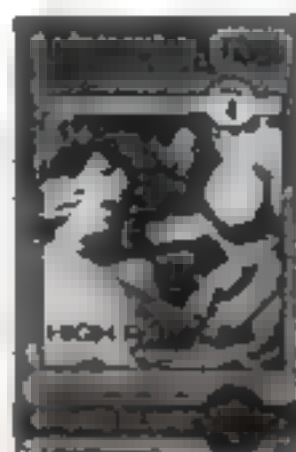
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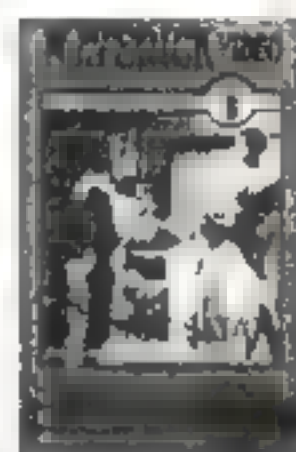
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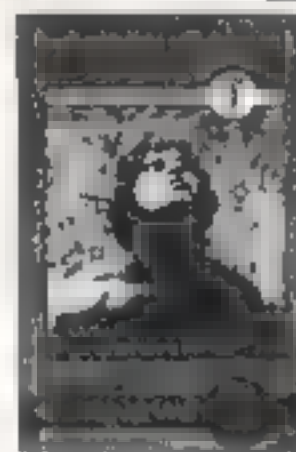
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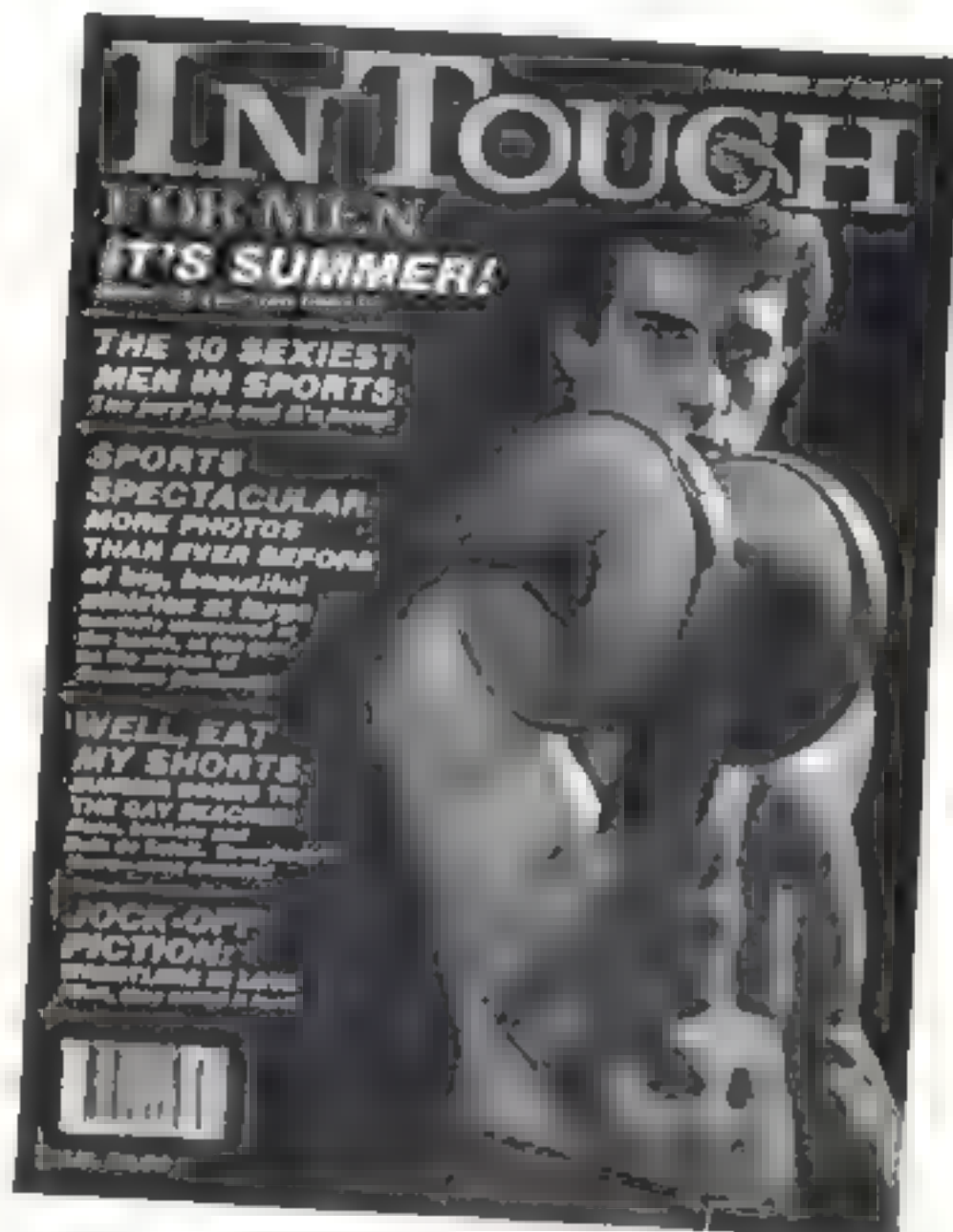
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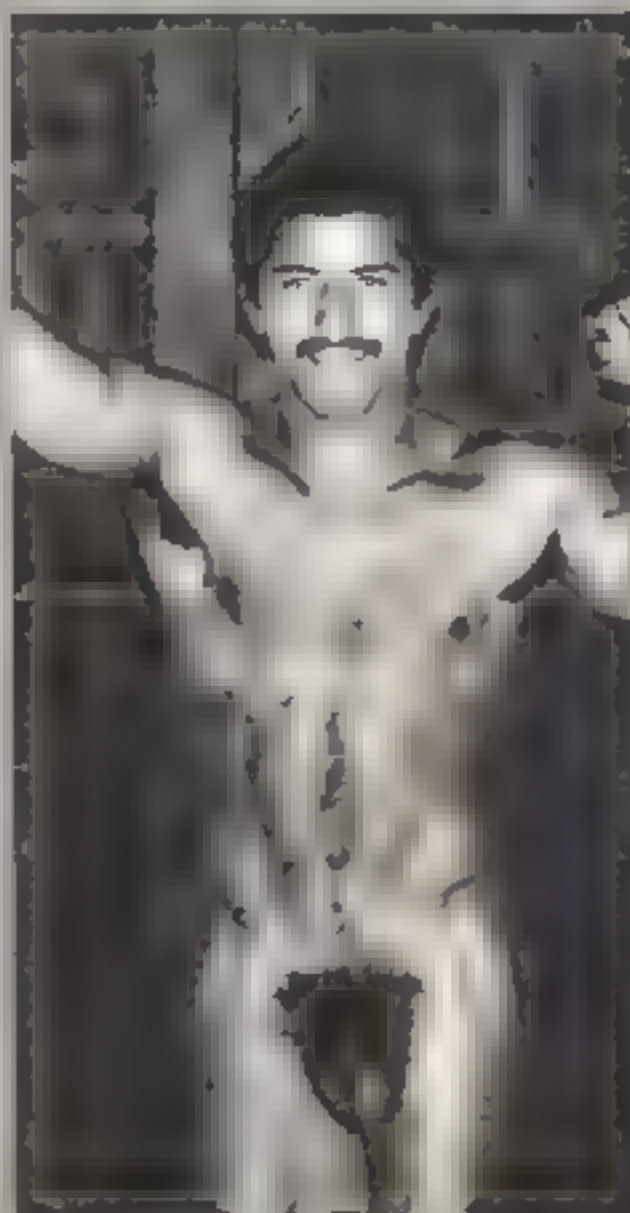
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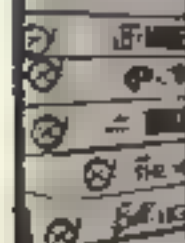
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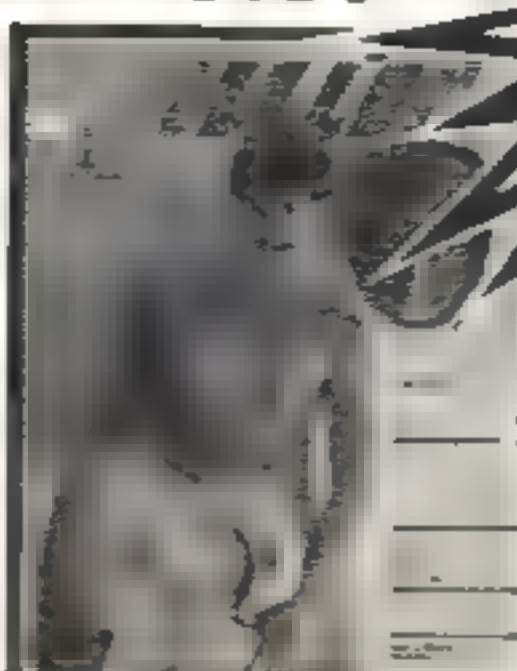
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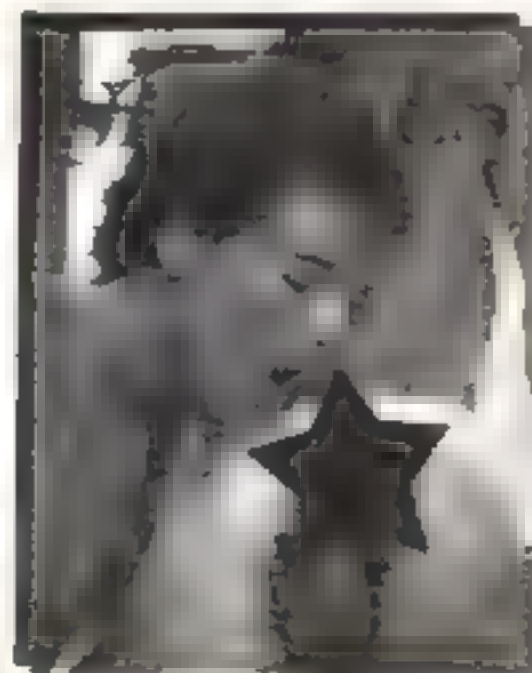
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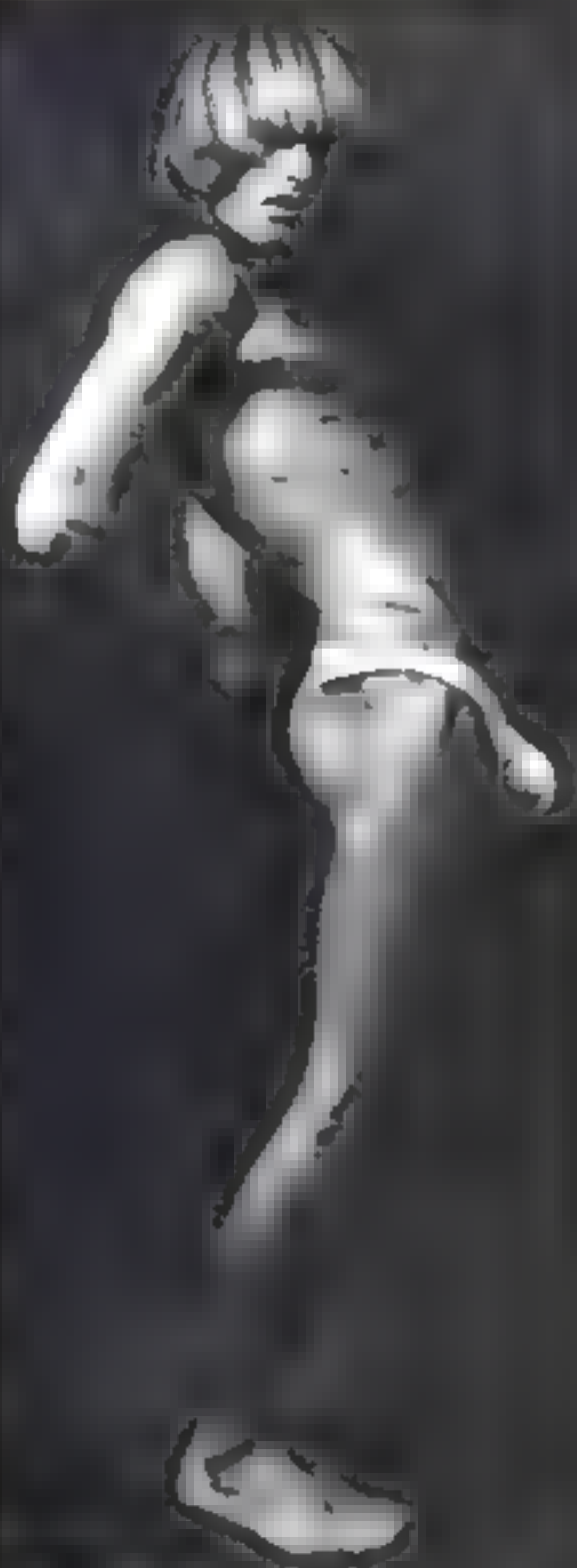
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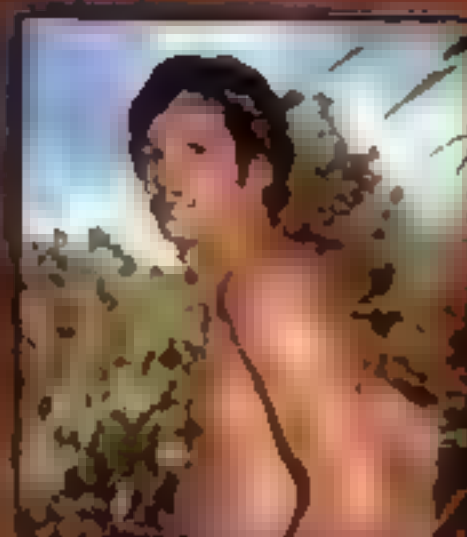
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NIGHTLIFE!

EL LAY'S THE PLACE: Remember Annette? Sure you do. She introduced our beach party in issue #57. And besides as Jimmy Dodd used to sing "Who's the little lady who's as dainty as a dream? Who's the

one you can forget? Give you just three guesses Annette Annette. Well kiddies, Annette's a big girl now or at least she certainly was the day this photo was taken at UCLA for the cover of her Annette On Campus album way back in the Sixties. Aside from her post-graduate duties promoting peanut butter (which she does exceptionally well by the way), Annette may soon be back in person and perhaps even bigger than ever. According to a rock 'n' roll gossip column in LA Weekly, Ms. Funicello and her Beach Party partner Frankie Avalon are considering a live club act together. This reunion would be a perfect gift to the city of Los Angeles which is currently celebrating its 200th birthday. And if you scout around this Nightlife section you'll spot a few more of the L.A. Bicenennial festivities: celebrations, tributes and general carryings-on. Read on if you dare.

STYLING BY JIM YOUSLING



PHOTO BY MIKE DE CASINO

OUT OF THE CLOSET? Remember Joe Davis, our coverman for issue #56, who said his favorite fantasy was to have 30 women at once, but added "I could love a man deeply"? Sure you do. And do you remember Christian De Vito, our coverman for issue #57, who said he was not gay, but added "I'm the gayest straight man you'll ever meet"? Well, well, well. Here we see both of these men, live on stage at L.A.'s Studio One, as celebrity guests at a little something called the Gay (that's right, G A-Y) Mating Game. We hope that the lucky contestants who won trips with Joe and Christian got a round-the-world tour. If so, these two sides of beef may never want to go back to Kansas. Welcome to Oz, boys



PHOTOS BY ROSÉ DE CASABO

PHOTOS BY GEORGE BARRIS

EXCLUSIVE: Remember Marilyn? Sure you do. And so do the folks at Edward Weston Graphics, who have assembled what is probably the finest collection of MM photos in the world. And they're for sale! Everything from the famous Tom Kelley calendar shot to the last studio session with

Bert Stern and the last outdoor session with George Barris. Prices range from \$40.00 (for a 5x7 "black-and-white with blind-embossed" signature) to \$400.00 (for a 16x20 full-color, hand signed by the photographer). Not cheap, but a great investment because (1) all prints are made from the

original negatives and transparencies, (2) most of these pictures have never been published anywhere before, and (3) all prints are in very limited editions and will never be available again. Thus, these are great investments, and they look better on your wall than a savings bond ever could. But the true bargain here is the \$5.00 catalogue, which has ten big pages featuring over 150 shots of Marilyn.

The photos here (which Mr. Weston very kindly allowed us to publish for the first time ever) will give you a taste of what is in store for you: Marilyn falls down, Marilyn takes a drive, and more, more, more. And with the 20th anniversary of Marilyn's departure from this earth approaching rapidly, Weston is gearing up for an MM exhibition which will tour 30 U.S. cities and 10 foreign countries. So if you can't get to the L.A. area, watch for the tour and send for that catalog (\$5.00 to Marilyn Monroe Weston Editions, 19355 Business Center Drive, Northridge, CA 91324), and tell 'em IN TOUCH sent you.



LIFE'S GREAT UNDER THE THREE PARTY SYSTEM: In an unprecedented salute to patriotism, L.A.'s Studio One threw not one, not two, but three parties . . . the Red Party, the White Party, and the Blue Party . . . to celebrate the birth of our nation, or something like that. We'll let you figure out which photo goes with which party. **HINT FOR THE COLOR BLIND:** At the first party a foxy singer and Special Guest Star named Helen Redd kissed the tummy of a foxy man dressed as a *redskin*. Her other arm was around a foxy man who held an oriental silk fan made in a certain *communist* country. **ONE MORE HINT:** The photos are by *Rose De Castro*, and they were taken on *May First*. That's *May Day*. But there wasn't a *Pinko* to be seen at any of the three great parties. So three cheers for the Red, White and Blue! And speaking of flagwaving the flagwaving that went on those three nights could give even John Philip Sousa a hard on. And he's dead! But as we can see, these boys are far, far from dead. Anyone for flagpole sitting?

PHOTOS BY ROSE DE CASTRO



CANADIAN BACON: Vancouver may be known for its cold winters, but when summer comes, look out! The boys at the Boom Boom Room couldn't wait to strip off for the annual "Mr. Beefcake" contest, but some went further than others. For hostess Sandy St. Peters, full drag was in order. First prize winner, Dean Bayes, got down to his Levis. Second prize winner Paul Orr made it to a red (you'll have to take our word for it) jock strap. And an unnamed contestant, bless his heart, went all the way to balls-in-the-breeze naked. He may not have won the trip to San Francisco, but he sure won the hearts of the Boom Boom boys.



PHOTOS BY NAN

HOLY TOLEDO! You can keep your French toast and your English muffins—we'll take Ohio buns any time. This batch belongs to the contestants at Scaramouche's "Mr. Buns" competition in Toledo. The gent in white trau is the winner, Patrick, the finest looking cowboy to come out of Ohio since Roy Rogers. Now if he'd just come out of those white pants, we'd probably just come in ours. A big Western thank-you-and-howdy to Detroit's *Cruise Weekly* for sending us these photos and driving us to such depths of smut-talk!



FROM THE CITY THAT GAVE YOU POLISH SAUSAGE: Meet Joseph LoPresti, who is, of course, in Chicago. Joseph represented Male Hide Leather in the 1981 International Mr. Leather contest. And since school is almost over for the day, we're going to let you take this picture home with you for a little, uh, homework assignment. First of all,

think about why dogs' eyes turn green in a flash picture, instead of red like everybody else's. Next, try to add one plus eight without getting distracted. Then, count the studs on Joseph's entire outfit without using your fingers. Now, count just the studs on his codpiece again, very slowly, using your fingers. Now, count the hairs on his thigh ... What's that? You have to go to the john for a minute? Well, okay. We do too. Class dismissed!



NO MORE PENCILS! NO MORE BOOKS! NO MORE TEACHERS' DIRTY LOOKS! We love it when school gets out. But we'll be here bright and early for our next class

next month. You see, this homework stuff is just a big tease, 'cause next time, we're gonna see a whole lot more of those Chicago leathermen. Even the legendary Warren Kovalsky! And what's more

(now don't tell anybody we told you this) some of them are going to take off all of their clothes! Including the codpieces! We know what boys like. We know what guys want. Nyah, nyah, nyah, nyah! Ah-huh. Mmm-hmm. See ya! ▲



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